LOOKING FORWARD

PHRASED in different ways by many leaders of thought during the past few days, there has emerged for public consideration one economic idea fraught with possibilities of far-reaching consequences. Stated in its simplest terms, the genius of this country for the past hundred years has been primarily directed almost entirely to the business of efficiently producing and distributing things. It has been a producers' civilization. Leaders in politics—notably in the case of the tariff—in industry and in banking, all have moved, primarily, with their eye on a producing world, with the ability of the consumer to buy mostly taken for granted—even to the point of the belief on the part of many that there was no saturation point.

SUCH an economic belief has been sufficient for this country, perhaps, because it has fitted in with the economic situation of a country generously blessed with raw materials. Under its influence, business depressions have always been viewed as temporary states which would soon give way to new progress in producing and selling more things. Only recently, in fact, has it been recognized that the day of this economic world might end when such a surfeit of things had been finally produced that the consuming end would have to be organized as well as the producing end had been, if disaster were not to overtake our civilization.

IT IS this latter thought which constitutes the change in enlightened business discussion during these last few days. The day of a purely producing world has reached its zenith at last unless the consuming world is henceforth made the object of our attention. How can buying power be continuously sustained out of current profits? How can a producing world be made into a buying world? In this simple change in the direction of our economic thought lies the possibility of a whole new economic fabric for society.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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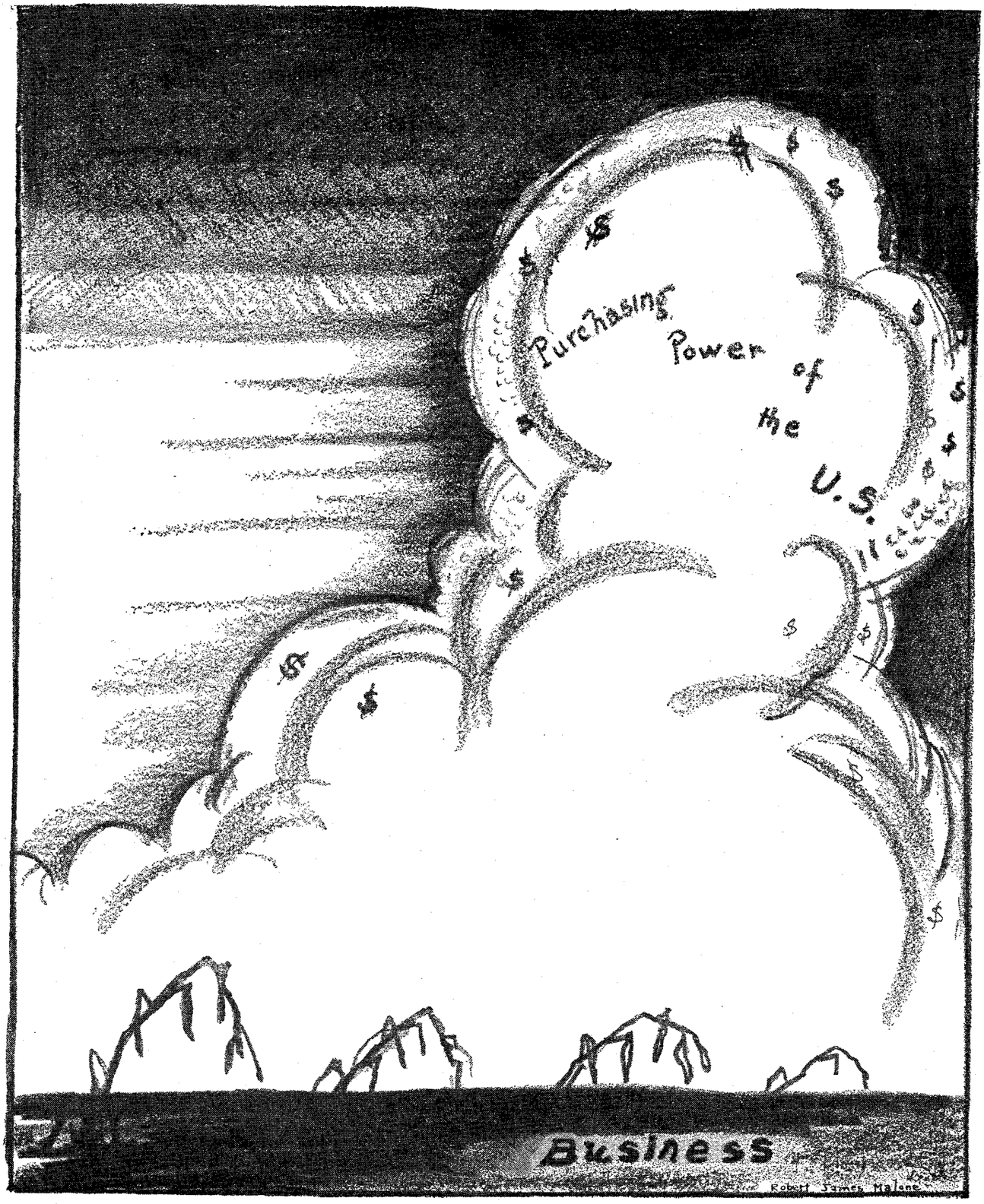

RAINMAKER NEEDED

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OUTLOOK
and Independent
November 19, 1930

The Trend of Events

Explaining It

PROHIBITION, business depression and dissatisfaction with the record of the Administration were the principal causes of the earthquake on November 4. Every one knows it, but not every one will admit it. Hence we have had some highly amusing explanations from statesmen who see nothing in the election or see things that no one else sees.

Not all Republican spokesmen shy from the election's obvious implications. As usual, Dwight W. Morrow hits close to the truth. "The voters were looking for a new heaven and a new earth two years ago," he says. "Not finding it, they looked again." But other explanations are more novel. Just a normal, off-year election, says Senator Watson of Indiana. Poor Senator Allen, Hoover spokesman, defeated by a Democrat in —believe it or not—Kansas, smiles, a bit weakly, at those who read an anti-administration revolt into the election returns. Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee holds that "there is an apparent absence of the general effect of any outstanding national issue." You get what he means. He means that the political effects of business depression were local rather than national, and that prohibition "developed no national trend." In his opinion, "What we have is simply a crazy quilt." He would not, therefore, agree with the politico-religious Methodist Board, which believes that the turn-over was "Democratic rather than wet."

One of our favorite explanations is that by Robert H. Lucas, Chairman Fess' right hand man. "Everything considered," says Mr. Lucas, who can't have considered anything, "the result must be taken as a vindication of the national Administration." We are saving first prize, however, for Superintendent Shields of the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League. Mr. Shields says that "The wet and dry issue was of minor importance in the Illinois campaign." Let him try to tell that to Mrs. McCormick.

The Wet Victory

As WE pointed out last week, November 4 was a very wet day.

The drys won victories in Delaware, Montana and Pennsylvania. In Delaware the dry Republican candidate for senator, Hastings, defeated the wet Democrat, Bayard. In Pennsylvania the dry Republican candidate for governor, Pinchot, defeated the wet Democrat, Hemphill. In Montana, the dry Democratic candidate for senator, Walsh, defeated the wet Republican, Galen.

But the wets carried prohibition referendums in Illinois, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. In Illinois the wet Democratic candidate for senator, Lewis, defeated the more-dry-than-wet Republican, Mrs. McCormick. In Massachusetts the wet Democratic candidate for senator, Coolidge, defeated the dry Republican, Butler, while the wet Democratic candidate for governor, Ely, defeated the dry Republican, Allen. In Ohio the wet Democratic candidate for senator, Bulkley, defeated the wet Republican, McCulloch. In Connecticut, the wet Democratic candidate for governor, Cross, defeated the more-dry-than-wet Republican, Rogers. In Rhode Island and New Jersey both candidates for senator were wet, and in New York both candidates for governor.

The wets hold their own in the Senate; they lose several members by voluntary retirement and gain several by election. In the House of Representatives the wets gain more than forty seats. They will have about 130 House seats in the next Congress, as compared with ninety in this one.

Furthermore, the election has tended to make the national Democratic party wet and the national Republican party damp. Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee is not the only politician who expects the Democratic party to be wet in 1932. And surely the wets will at least constitute a strong minority in the next Republican national convention.

So there you are. The drys have a new batch of alibis and the wets a new batch of offices. Any one who wishes to deny that the wets won a great victory in the November 4 elections is at perfect liberty to do so. But facts are facts and denials do not change them.

Between Devil and Sea

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY already has hundreds of wet delegates lined up for its national convention of 1932. It will have others before the convention assembles. Possibly the dry South will prevent the party from writing a wet platform and nominating a wet candidate, but that is unlikely. The Democratic party is out in front on the prohibition question, running fast.

The Republican party stands motionless between the devil and the deep blue sea. Solely—solely—for purposes of illustration, let Republican drys represent the devil. Let Republican wets represent the sea. Here, then, is the devil warning Mr. Hoover and the party not to be wet or the drys will bolt. "The

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party will remain dry in the 1932 campaign or it will be split," says Senator-Chairman Fess. Bravo! cries the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, which cracks its whip and declares that for the Republicans any "suggestion of repeal or of a hypocritical 'modification' is impossible for the simple reason that men and women with a burning determination that the law should be enforced put that party into power at the last election with a mandate to enforce it. Any catering to the wets, any toleration of a suggestion of 'modification,' would light fires of bitter resentment in the hearts of the men and women who trooped to the polls in such unprecedented numbers in 1928, for they would feel that they had been betrayed."

But here, too, is the sea, storming in Illinois, New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and wherever else hosts of Republicans supported wet Democrats on November 4. Its tumults suggest what the devil does not—namely, that if the Republican platform and presidential candidate are dry in 1932, it will be the wet Republicans who will do the bolting.

Shall the party heed the threat of the devil or the threat of the sea? It must answer that problem for itself. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that the national Republican party is split for the first time since 1912.

▶▶*The Power Issue*

INCIDENTALLY, and we suspect unwittingly, the voters on November 4 struck several blows at the so-called Power Trust.

The outstanding figure of the election is unquestionably Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York. Governor Roosevelt may say, as he said on November 7, that he is "giving no consideration or thought or time to anything except the duties of the governorship," and that "this applies to any candidacy, national or otherwise, in 1932." His words will be read politely but incredulously. The Governor will glue one eye to the White House for the next two years and would not be human if he didn't. Meanwhile his friends will aid and abet the Roosevelt-for-President movement, already well under way. Now it so happens that Governor Roosevelt is identified with the power issue. He stands for state, as against private, development of water power, for strict regulation of existing public utilities and for lower utility rates. He himself believes that his attitude on power was one of the principal reasons for his 725,000 plurality.

Another of the successful candidates is Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, who would rather lambaste a public utility than eat. Another is Wilbur Cross, who is determined to break the tie that binds public utilities with politics in Connecticut. Another is Senator Norris of Nebraska, who cannot see a public utility head without longing to hit it. Still another is Philip La Follette, whose attitude on power is in the expected La Follette tradition.

While all these candidates were winning, Representative B. Carroll Reece of the First Tennessee District was losing. Mr. Reece, who refers to the Norris plan for government operation of Muscle Shoals as a "Bolshevik scheme framed in Moscow," had sponsored a plan for private operation and had won the special endorsement of President Hoover. Yet his strongly Republican district ejected him and elected a Democrat.

Wide World

BE DRY OR BE SPLIT
Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee warns his party

We do not believe that the voters intended to make power a national issue for the next two years, but obviously they have done so.

▶▶*Control of Congress*

NEITHER the Republican nor the Democratic party will have a working majority in the Seventy-Second Congress, which convenes in December, 1931. Instead of a Senate of 56 Republicans, 39 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Laborite, and a House of 269 Republicans, 165 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Laborite (the line-up in the last session of Congress), the November 4 election returns at this writing show a Senate of 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Laborite. Possibly, then, the Republicans will have nominal control of both chambers but at best their control will rest upon feeble majorities of one or two votes in both Senate and House. Considering how fond the insurgent Republican Senators are of making life miserable for the regulars and how impossible it is to manoeuvre a House of 435 members on a majority of a vote or two, the election indicates one major result—Congress in a stalemate.

Even a merely nominal Republican majority is far from certain. Recounts, court proceedings and election contests are planned for a number of congressional districts where the votes were extremely close. Some of these proceedings may overturn the political apple cart; others may set it up again. Even barring such a change in the election results, in the thirteen months before December, 1931, power to organize the next Congress may be shuttled back and forth between the two parties by resignations and deaths among the 96 Senators and 435 Representatives, almost all of mature, many of advanced, age. Likewise, even with controlling power in their hands, the Democrats might decide in a twelfth-hour caucus to let the Republicans go ahead and organize Congress. One argument for that course is that the Democrats should place responsibility for acts of Congress on Republican shoulders. A conflicting argument is that, since good times will probably return during the next two years, the Democrats should do everything in their power to organize Congress and claim credit for prosperity's come-back.

"Whose car is it?" wired Nick Longworth to Representative John N. Garner, Democratic House leader, referring to the automobile provided the Speaker of the House by the government. "Think it is mine," Garner replied, "but will be glad to give you an occasional ride." Amid such uncertainty, one fact stands out—neither party in Congress has any power worth speaking of, save the power to prevent the other party from passing new laws.

▶▶*Football of Politics*

THE prosperity issue is the football of present-day politics. The Republicans had the ball for years and ran up an

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enormous score. Then it slipped from their grasp. Now both parties are scrambling for it.

To understand this is to understand the aim of today's political strategists. It is to understand why Mr. Hoover, pressed for comment on the election, declared simply that "The job for the country now is to concentrate on further measures of cooperation for economic recovery." It is to understand why seven prominent Democrats—Messrs. Cox, Davis, Smith, Robinson, Garner, Raskob and Shouse—issued their reassuring statement to business on November 7. It is to understand why Mr. Hoover, after deciding that the burden of creating additional jobs through public works should be left to state and local governments, decided on November 8 that some of the burden should be assumed by the government at Washington. Mr. Hoover will ask Congress to make an emergency appropriation for the purpose of expediting public works already authorized but not yet appropriated for.

The statement by the seven solemn Democrats denounces the new tariff bill as "the apotheosis of bad economy" but hastens to add that nothing is further from Democratic minds than a general tariff revision. In other words, the tariff law is intolerable; let's keep it. Democrats, the statement says, "know perfectly well that even enlightened political selfishness demands that business should not be frightened, and that every honest industry should be aided and not hindered in the necessarily slow progress back to prosperity." Democrats will "steer the legislation of the nation in a straight line toward the goal of prosperity." They will harbor no thought of mere political advantage. They will cooperate with the Republicans "in every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country." They will "subordinate politics to the public good."

This is pleasant reading, though the fact is, of course, that both Democrats and Republicans will play politics outrageously all through the short session of this Congress and the long session of the next. Not that either party will block any intelligent move to alleviate the business depression. Far from it. Both are too anxious to fall on the prosperity ball and stay on it.

We suspect that their scramble is futile. We suspect that hereafter neither party will keep the ball in its exclusive possession. We suspect that, if either does, it may discover that the ball is really a bomb, apt to explode at the most inconvenient times, to the great peril of those who are carrying it.

▸▸*Russia Smells a Plot*

Soviet Russia has discovered an international plot to overthrow her government and parcel out natural resources to Britain, France, Roumania, Poland, Finland and other capitalistic nations. The conspiracy has been charged in indictments—drawn up by the People's Commissar for Justice—against eight Russians held for high treason. Among them is a Professor Ramsin, said to have confessed, perhaps boasted, that he was to head the Bourgeois Democratic Republic which the revolutionists were to establish by means of foreign aid and actual military and naval intervention.

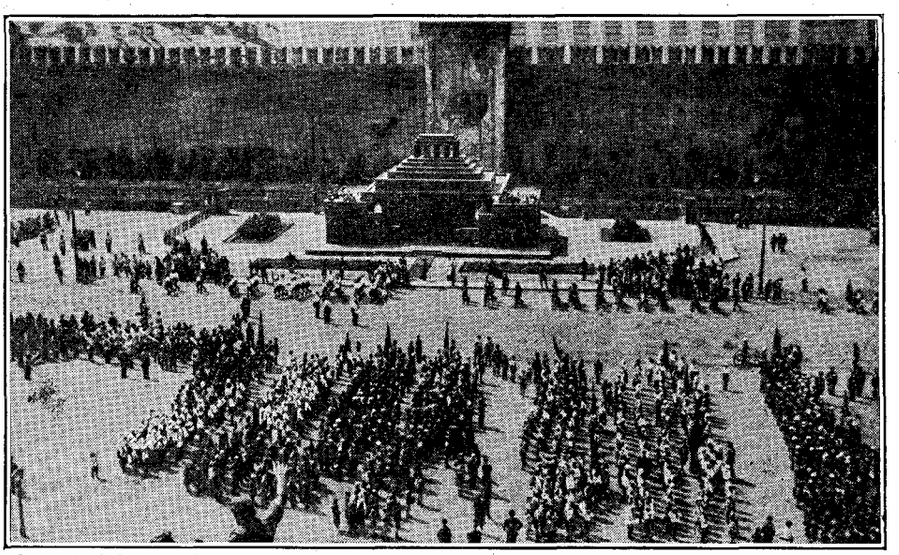
The Russians picture the plot, not as intrigue in a cellar, but as reaching up to the highest governmental planes of Europe, involving such men as Sir Henry Deterding, Britain's Rockefeller, former Premier Poincaré and Foreign Minister Briand of France, "Lord" Churchill and even Lawrence of Arabia. Hatched in Moscow, nourished with foreign capital from Paris, supported by a half-dozen nations, the well-aged scheme was to have gone into effect last summer. It was postponed, the Russians maintain, because of Franco-Italian tension, German uncertainty and fear of the Red Army.

This is the Soviet synopsis: A diplomatic incident was to be framed on the Roumanian frontier. Thereupon Roumania was to declare war. England and France were to follow suit. Two great armies were to march into Russia, one toward Moscow, the other toward Leningrad. France was to supply the arms and ammunition, Britain the fleets, which would steam into the Baltic and Black Sea and seize Leningrad and the Crimea. Thereupon the revolutionists were to set up their republic and start the grand pay-off—Caucasian oil fields to Britain, the Ukraine Soviet Republic to France and Poland, more concessions to the Frenchmen and a few odds and ends to other interveners of lesser importance and prestige.

The Soviet charges cannot, of course, be taken seriously until (and unless) backed by more definite evidence. There may or may not be a small kernel of truth in them. Meanwhile Soviet Russia may be thanked for supplying the world with the best melodramatic story of the month.

▸▸*Lenin's Mausoleum*

The November 7 celebration of the thirteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution centered on the opening of the new Lenin tomb. From Siberia to the Polish frontier the country spent a noisy day chanting, cheering and parading. But the real drama came in Moscow's Red Square, beside the ancient Kremlin wall whose towers still bear the glittering double-eagles of the Romanoffs. There for the first time plain-frocked Russians looked at the new mausoleum of Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov Lenin, father of the strategy of violence which produced the armed uprising of November 7, 1917, and the



Alexys A. Sidorow's "Moskau"

RED SQUARE

An assemblage before Lenin's temporary tomb in Moscow

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subsequent turmoil out of which the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics evolved six months before his death in January, 1924.

Until the anniversary a high fence had hidden the tomb from eyes of worshipping Russians. They had wondered what manner of monument was this. What they saw was a pyramid of red and black granite dominating the square as Lenin had dominated the nation. The huge blocks, laid in six tiers, rose fifty feet to a colonnade, their sharp, severe lines contrasting with the slender, flaunting towers of the Kremlin, furnishing an ancient background for the modernistic mausoleum.

Through the bronze doors they were to carry Lenin's body—past a giant hammer and sickle carved in stone, down grey marble steps to an underground room, up to a convex glass case resting upon a monolith of polished black granite. Beyond the walls, which are encircled by a motif of jagged lightning symbolizing the dynamic energy of Communism, were the leaders of Russia, a little group of quiet men. Past them came the soldiers, heavily dressed; the motorized army, skilfully manoeuvred; the airplanes, flying low; the 500,000 civilians, crying their slogans.

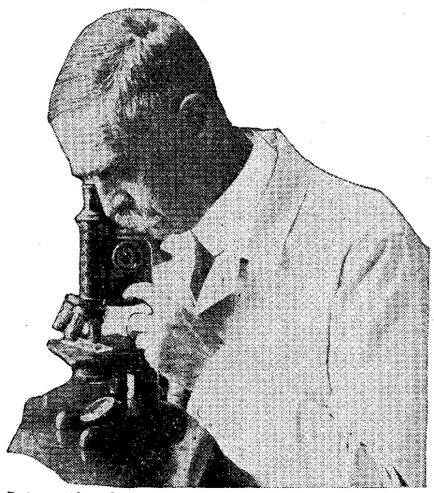
Thus Russia took a holiday.

▸▸*We Recognize Brazil*

WASHINGTON took the only way out of a bad situation in recognizing the new government of Brazil. Secretary of State Stimson dug a pit for the United States on October 22 when he declared an embargo against arms shipments from this country to Brazilian rebels seeking to overthrow the federal government, having previously indicated that arms of any sort could be shipped to the Federals. The State Department fell into the pit when the federal government was overthrown and the Presidency assumed by the revolutionist, Getulio Vargas.

Naturally, Mr. Stimson did not hurry to execute the right-about-face necessary for recognition. However justifiable his embargo on legalistic grounds, it was not easy to admit the blunder of having backed the old government forty-eight hours before its fall and of having done that while other nations stood still, waiting the turn of Brazil's civil war. One can see Mr. Stimson pacing the floor of his office, hearing each day that another nation had recognized the Vargas government, and wondering what to do about it.

Mr. Stimson came out of the pit no more gracefully than he went in, although the United States recognized Brazil on the day Great Britain did and a day before France and Cuba did. Instead of giving the Vargas régime the usual recognition as a new government, he informed the Brazilians that the United States "will be happy to continue with the new government of Brazil the same friendly relations as with its predecessors." The form of his communiqué seemed to make unnecessary the presenting of new credentials by Edwin Vernon Morgan, American Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro, and S. Gurgel do Amaral, Brazilian Ambassador at Washington. However that may be, it is doubtful that the recognition in this or any other form will make immediate amends for the embargo. It may take time to restore the once friendly relations between the United States and Brazil.



International

WINS IN MEDICINE
Dr. Karl Landsteiner, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research

▸▸*Nobel Prize Winner*

THIS year's Nobel prize in medicine—about $48,000—goes to Dr. Karl Landsteiner, a native of Vienna, now a member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City. The award is made partly in recognition of the recipient's discoveries in classifying different types of human blood.

Thirty years ago Dr. Landsteiner learned that the blood of all human beings might be classified into four groups on the basis of the agglutination of the red cells. There are definite substances in the serums of some bloods that will agglutinate, or clump, the cells of certain other bloods. This innocent-looking, mildly interesting fact proved to contain much practical value; for example, in blood transfusions, where tests are invariably made on the donor to make sure his blood falls in the same group as that of the patient, and in medico-legal cases such as the recent one in Chicago, involving the charge that the identification labels of two babies had been confused in a maternity hospital.

It transpired that these blood traits are inherited as "unit characters"—physical characteristics which are passed unchanged from generation to generation. Since there are few of them in man, this one is highly valued, especially because of the convenience of studying it in living "laboratory animals," in this case human beings. The investigator simply puts a drop of test blood serum on a slip of glass, adds a drop of cell emulsion, mixes and examines under the microscope. Sometimes nothing happens. Sometimes the cells gather in clumps—the blood agglutinates. After a little juggling, the investigator may thus learn to which of the four groups his specimen belongs.

Dr. Landsteiner is not being awarded the Nobel prize simply for a discovery he made as long ago as 1900, but also for the indefatigable work he has devoted to it since. So far his work has borne much fruit. Doubtless it will bear even more.

▸▸*Another Winner*

THIS year's Nobel prize in literature—about $46,000—goes to Sinclair Lewis, the first American to whom the award has been made.

The center of hot disputes since *Main Street* was published in 1920, Mr. Lewis will relish the fuss over his acceptance of the sizeable Nobel prize four years after his rejection of the modest Pulitzer prize. He points out that the Nobel prize is awarded for the most distinguished body of work of an idealistic tendency—interpreted to mean that it shall not be merely commercial and machinelike—whereas the Pulitzer prize is awarded to the novel published in a given year which best presents the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood. To Mr. Lewis the Pulitzer terms suggest, not actual literary merit, but obedience to a prevailing code of good form. He finds it sufficient criticism to say that in the last few years the Pulitzer prize has not been awarded to

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such books as Cabell's *Jurgen,* Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* or Cather's *A Lost Lady.* It may also be sufficient, says Harry Hansen, literary critic of the New York *World,* to add that in the last few years the Nobel prize has not been awarded to such authors as Hardy, Brandes, Proust, Gorky or Masefield, but has been awarded to Gellerup, Pontopiddan, Spitteler, Heyse and Deledda.

There the matter may be allowed to rest. The noteworthy thing is that this year the Swedish Academy has recognized literary merit of a high order. Now that the ten-year controversy over Mr. Lewis' work is dying down, it becomes comparatively easy to see what he has done. Among other things, he has put much of our Mid-west small-town life into literature. E. M. Forster, English critic, declares that Mr. Lewis has lodged a piece of a continent in the world's imagination. He has satirized several American habits of thought and types of citizen. He has drawn to a nicety two of the most common and influential of these types—the petty bourgeois, George F. Babbitt, and the whoop-'er-up evangelist, Elmer Gantry. He has painted numbers of instantly recognizable American persons and places. He has made at least one character, George F. Babbitt, live and breathe, an extremely difficult achievement. It was *Babbitt* (published in 1922) which particularly interested the Swedish Academy. Probably it is the best of his books. That is high praise.

▶▶*The Third Degree*

"The third degree is much more than merely an occasional or a secondary weapon in the hands of the police; it is actually the main reliance of the police in obtaining information from stubborn prisoners. In its use the law is candidly, cheerfully and consistently violated by those who are sworn—and paid—to uphold it." So writes Emanuel H. Lavine, for twenty-five years a New York police reporter, in his detailed account of police brutality, *The Third Degree.*

Mr. Lavine has seen a man beaten on the Adam's apple so that blood spurted half way across the room. He has seen another held down while a dentist ground a sound molar with a rough burr. He knows a detective who would put his fists on either side of a prisoner's face and then press in and down until he dislocated the jaw. He is familiar with the case in which a prisoner was questioned for ninety-six hours without interruption. With innumerable cases in which prisoners were repeatedly struck with a piece of rubber hose or automobile tire. With one case in which the prisoners were beaten until "their faces seemed swollen to at least twice the normal size and were completely out of alignment. . . . An inch of blood covered the floors, walls and desks." Nor does he shrink from his story's inevitable and startling implications. Once you pass the green lights of a police station, he bluntly says, "you are beyond the law."

To judge from Mr. Lavine's book, the third degree is an unspeakable but efficient aid to an inefficient system of

Keystone

WINS IN LITERATURE
Sinclair Lewis, author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," "Dodsworth," etc.

detecting and preventing crime. That system is inefficient largely because it is corrupted by graft and rotten politics. Mr. Lavine believes that beer-runners alone bribe the New York police to the tune of $12,000,000 annually. He describes an instance in which three New York burglars obtained nineteen adjournments of their trial. "It is figured," he says, "that gangs with influence or money can beat about ninety per cent of their 'raps' or arrests." Influential criminals are not subjected to the third degree, which "is applied, for the most part, to the poor, the ignorant and the friendless."

If police brutality is ever toned down, it may be because, in Mr. Lavine's words, "juries are coming to believe any one who accuses the police of using the third degree"; hence, the reputation of the police militates against their own efforts. Otherwise, present conditions will continue until the public insists upon a solution of America's staggering crime problem, which will involve a clean-up of dishonest and politics-ridden police departments, judges and staffs of District Attorneys. In the creation of a public opinion which will demand action and get it, such works as Mr. Lavine's should be valuable. His book is obviously honest, immediately convincing and genuinely appalling.

▶▶*Armistice Day Address*

The three high-lights of President Hoover's Armistice Day address at Washington were his remarks concerning food ships, the Kellogg pact and the World Court.

Mr. Hoover repeated his suggestion that food ships be made free from interference in wartime. This, he believes, would "make for prevention as well as limitation of war." A year has passed since the President placed this idea on the anvil of debate, and Europe, which at first hammered it lustily, had forgotten it. Two principal arguments against the plan abroad are that it runs counter to the League Covenant's provision for economic blockades against aggressors and that wars might be prolonged, not shortened, stimulated, not discouraged, if the potential fighters were sure of being fed.

As for the war-renouncing Kellogg pact, Mr. Hoover declared that there has been much discussion on the subject of extending it so as to mobilize world opinion when the strain comes. This, he said, "would be stimulative," would "appeal to the dramatic sense of the world as a mark in the progress of peace." But he would further the idea only to the extent of remarking: "I do not say that some such further step may not some day come about."

Regarding the World Court, he declared that its permanence is assured, "and from it there is steadily growing a body of precedent, decisions and acceptance of law in the formulation of which we should have a part, not alone in our own interest, but in the advancement of peace." Here there was nothing novel. Mr. Hoover had told the D.A.R. essentially the same thing in essentially the same words last April. His latest pronouncement came practically a year after he had authorized American dele-

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gates to sign the protocols which provide for our adherence to the Court; came eleven months after the signatures were affixed. Yet, though the Senate has been in session during many of these months, the President has not moved a peg toward securing ratification of these protocols.

If possible the Senate should ratify the protocols in the short session, after it has dealt with the appropriation and unemployment measures. Or the Senate might well be held over for a few weeks after the March 4th adjournment. Otherwise there will be little chance of action until early in 1932—more than two years after the protocols were signed.

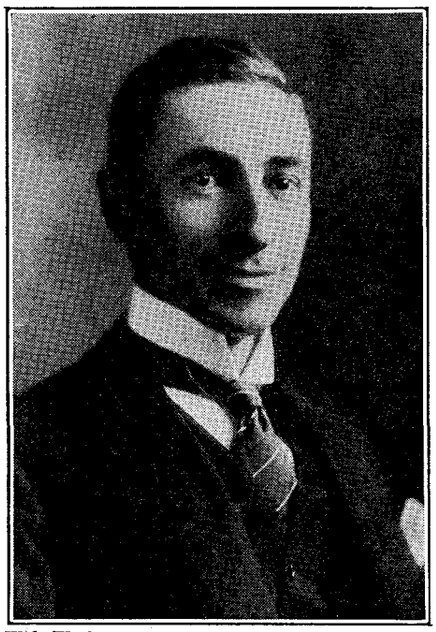
▶▶*Germany for Disarmament*

GERMANY'S recent talk of postponing her reparations payments created international uneasiness. Many a government official, therefore, sighed with relief to note the action of the Reichstag's Foreign Affairs Committee on October 29. The committee brusquely rejected five motions asking that the Young plan be overhauled and that payment of reparations be stopped at once. This was taken to mean that Germany will neither suspend her payments nor request revision of the Young plan until spring at least.

Just at present, Germany is less concerned with the Young plan than with the Versailles treaty. When the Reichstag committee had rejected the five motions mentioned above, it adopted one urging the German government to insist that other nations fulfill their obligations under the Versailles treaty by laying down part of their arms. The government is following this advice before the League of Nations Preparatory Disarmament Commission, which convened at Geneva on November 6.

The fact is, while other European nations have demanded that Germany keep the pledges she made at Versailles, they have refused to keep the pledges they made themselves. The Versailles treaty declares that Germany was disarmed "to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." The Covenant of the League of Nations, moreover, commits League members to "the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety" and directs the Council to formulate plans for such reduction.

The Council's plans are now embodied in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, which has been meeting on and off since May, 1926, achieving nothing whatever. Aside from the Washington and the London naval agreements, the nations have not scrapped so much as a wooden sword. Premier Mussolini said no more than the truth when, in his October 27 address, he declared that Europe "stammers of peace at Geneva but prepares for war everywhere." France, for example, will spend no fewer than twelve billion francs ($480,000,000) from her 1931 budget for national defense. Germany is weary of arms conferences which fail, of preparatory commissions which prepare for nothing, of hen-egg arguments over which comes first, disarmament or security. If she now insists that other nations reduce their armaments or allow her to increase hers, her course is entirely just.



Wide World

REPRESENTS US IN GENEVA
Hugh Gibson, head of American delegation at preparatory disarmament conference

▶▶*To Arms*

DURING THE FIRST FEW DAYS of its session at Geneva the Preparatory Commission for Disarmament began to resemble a preparatory commission for armament. It should be understood that the delegates did not meet to limit arms but merely to decide how arms should be limited at a later conference which would determine the extent of the limitation.

On the opening day—Thursday, November 6—Soviet Foreign Minister Litvinoff chided the delegates for restricting rather than widening the scope of their discussions. His words fell on hostile ears—so hostile that Chairman Loudon delayed the translation of the speech.

On Friday the delegates agreed that the number of sailors and naval officers should be limited, yet even on this simple proposal there was some division and on the nature of the limitation complete disagreement.

On Saturday Count von Bernstorff, German delegate, proposed that the nations limit the number of their trained reserves. The shock was so great that fourteen nations abstained from voting. The others defeated the proposal with six votes to spare. Whereupon the Germans (like ourselves) began wondering what good it would do to cut naval personnels but not the personnels of reserve units.

On Sunday the delegates rested.

On Monday, to the complete satisfaction of militarists, they decided who was to fix the duration of conscript service. It appears that each nation is left free to determine the length of its own service, subject to an unspecified maximum which is expected to be very high.

At last reports the commissioners were obstinately refusing to regard their work as a rather dull joke.

▶▶*Conference on India*

WHEN King George on November 12 opened the London round-table conference called to chart a course for India, the leaders of the Indian Nationalist Congress were conspicuously absent. Though the British delegates, representing all three British parties, went to the conference insisting that their hands had not been tied by any pre-arranged program, it nevertheless seemed doubtful that they would meet the Indian demand for dominion status. Even should the Indian and British conferees agree, their plan probably would be unacceptable to Gandhi's Nationalists, who have boycotted the conference and demanded a full national government responsible only to the people of India and possessing the right to secede from the empire.

The Indians came to London in two groups—57 Moslem and Hindu delegates from British India proper and 16 native princes representing the 560 Indian States which by treaty enjoy the protection of the British crown. Before

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the conference opened the Moslems and Hindus apparently smothered their religious antagonism in a common desire for a greater degree of self-rule. Moreover, their aim seemed to have won the unexpected endorsement of the native princes.

Fearing that the failure of the conference would produce more unrest in India, the British seemed ready to make some concessions. Yet the Indian delegates apparently preferred to go home with nothing rather than face their people with anything far short of dominion status. Even before the King had delivered his address there was talk of an early adjournment of the conference for the purpose of persuading the Indian Nationalists to send delegates to London next spring. This despite the fact that Premier MacDonald had delivered a speech holding out to the Indians hopes of achieving "the freedom and self-government which is essential to national self-respect and contentment." Just what Mr. MacDonald meant is problematical. In any case, the British could go a long way toward meeting Indian demands without going so far as India wishes.

▶▶Austrian Elections

Austria's general elections neither changed that nation's fundamental political line-up nor removed the threat of an armed putsch by the Heimwehr—Fascists who are as anxious to establish a dictatorship in Austria as the Hitlerites are to establish one in Germany.

The votes scarcely altered the strength of the leading parties, the Christian Social, conservative and strongly Catholic, and the Social Democratic (Socialist), liberal, labor-loving and anti-clerical. Chancellor Vaugoin had dissolved Parliament on October 1, hoping that in place of his strained coalition with the Pan-German and Peasant parties an election would give his Christian Social party an absolute majority in the Nationalrat, the lower and law-enacting house of Parliament. He had no such luck. His own party lost seven seats and his former allies, regrouped as the Economic party under former Chancellor Schober, lost two of their 21 seats, while the Socialists added one to the 71 they held in the last Parliament.

Austria's Fascists, functioning for the first time as a political party, won but eight seats in the Nationalrat. In some constituencies the Fascists went to the polls as a separate party; in others they acted as an arm of the Christian Social party. Nowhere did they make any gains comparable to those of the German Fascists two months ago. Hence, with the Christian Social party holding 66 and the Socialists 72 seats, the balance of power fell into the hands of Herr Schober, who had pledged himself not to form a coalition with the Socialists.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

The latest contribution to constructive joy is to make possible the hourly spread of music, entertainment, and political assertion to the radio sets in 12,000,000 homes. —Herbert Hoover.

Under our system, a nation of good citizens cannot have a bad government.—Calvin Coolidge.

The way of an eagle in the air, a ship in the sea, a serpent on a rock, or a man with a maid is simplicity compared to stock dealing.—Arthur Brisbane.

The impossible is never impossible. If you will just make it a point to find out why a thing cannot be done, it is easy to go ahead and do it. —Cyrus H. C. Curtis.

The prohibition law is being enforced better every day.—Prohibition Administrator Andrew McCampbell.

I do not plan to introduce bull fighting in the United States. There would be too much competition from the miniature golf courses.—Sidney Franklin.

Jack Diamond has made a remarkable recovery from his wounds. It all goes to show what clean living will do for a young man.—Heywood Broun.

Those engaged in activities bordering on the unlawful are not prone to give their correct addresses.—Police Commissioner E. P. Mulrooney.

Women in general frighten me. —Buddy Rogers.

That this world has long been made up of all kinds of people has long been suspected.—Dr. George A. Dorsey.

▶▶◀◀

The Fascists, however, may sooner or later give Austria an undesired holiday from politics. In October the pro-Hapsburg members of the Heimwehr planned to march to Vienna and set up a dictatorship. When their scheme was discovered they decided against that particular uprising but just before the elections they cleared the way for another by disarming the Socialists and retaining their own guns and munitions. Should their plans succeed, Central Europe would face troublous times.

▶▶British Ship Pool

Even Old English, Galsworthy's highly individualistic British mariner, would have applauded the news that the six largest British ship lines on the North Atlantic have pooled interests to meet German competition. Rumors of an English merger to keep the red ensign from being driven off the high seas were heard last year after the hustling Hamburg American and North German Lloyd lines entered into an agreement to eliminate mutual throat-cutting. While the English rumors petered out, the two German lines soon found advantage in converting their trial marriage into a permanent union for better or for worse. Meanwhile, aside from the Cunard and White Star lines, which had arranged their sailing schedules to avoid knifing each other, the Britishers went on with their rough and tumble trade battles.

The new British pool extends the Cunard-White Star agreement to embrace the Anchor, Red Star, Canadian Pacific and Atlantic Transport lines, thereby bringing together fifty-two ships valued at 275 million dollars. The alliance started with a re-arrangement of sailing schedules to prevent overlapping of service between Northern Europe and Northern American ports, particularly between New York and the three English ports, Liverpool, Southampton and Plymouth. Instead of dispatching twelve ships for New York each week, as in the summer, the six lines have agreed to dispatch but four, apportioned so as to increase each line's profits and decrease its expenses.

Thus the British answer to the German merger is a larger merger. Whether the British, like the Germans, will eventually carry through with a more complete pooling of resources remains to be seen.

▶▶As to Backgammon

If you are a "Whither are we drifting?" asker, if you fear that, with the present craze for backgammon added to the ever-present craze for bridge, America is on the road to ruin, take comfort. Take what comfort you can from the fact that the ruin was impending more than a hundred, and probably more than a thousand, years ago.

It was John Adams, second President

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of the United States, who wrote in his diary that "cards and backgammon are fashionable diversions. I know not how any young fellow can study in this town. What pleasure can a young gentleman who is capable of thinking take in playing cards? It gratifies none of the senses, neither sight, hearing, taste, smelling, nor feeling; it can entertain the mind only by hushing its clamors. Cards, backgammon, etc., are the great antidotes to reflection, to thinking, that cruel tyrant within us! What learning or sense are we to expect from young gentlemen in whom a fondness for cards, etc., outgrows and chokes the desire of knowledge?"

Think it over, you bridge fiends and backgammon addicts. Or, if you prefer, set up the card table or the backgammon board and hush the clamor of tyrannical thought. For, no matter what your reflections on the matter, the chances are that more than a hundred, and probably more than a thousand, years from now your descendants will still be bidding and doubling far into the night.

▷▷*In Brief*

WE TRUST Be-Dry-or-Be-Split Fess understands why Republican leaders wish him to resign as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. It is because he said in public what many of them are saying in private .... "U. S. Agents Held as Beer Brewers"—newspaper headline. It is not going too far to say that such men confuse the issue .... Now that the Republican and Democratic parties have buried the hatchet in public statements, they can cheerfully resume their practice of burying it in each other's skulls .... A survey by an American official reveals that unemployment is practically unknown in France, which is proof enough that France is a backward country totally lacking in that industrial genius for which the United States, for example, is famous .... All we can say about that New Jersey school principal who believes that wives should be selected on a scientific rather than an emotional basis is that we should like to see him compelled by law to live with a lady selected on the basis he prefers .... Let us not be too harsh on those Ohio war veterans who threw gas bombs into a grocery store which neglected to close on Armistice Day. After all, there is no use referring to them as if they were a lot of lawbreakers.

Cardozo on the Third Degree

An Editorial

MANY MONTHS AGO, a certain Joseph Barbato was involved in the case of a murder of a woman in New York City. He was arrested near Newburgh by the police the day following the murder. He protested his innocence, presented an alibi and then, inside the gates of a police precinct station, received a severe application of third degree methods until, battered, smashed and bleeding, nine hours later he wrote on a card "I kill Julia Musso." He was indicted for the murder and the "confession"—which he later repudiated as being merely his way of escaping further torture—was the sole evidence introduced against him. His alibi, however, was not complete. The trial judge allowed the confession as evidence, the question of guilt thus became a choice between the oath of the police as against the oath of the defendant, and the jury convicted Barbato of murder in the first degree.

Result: Another police victory for the third degree.

Barbato's counsel, however, appealed —with momentous legal results. The just published decision of the New York Court of Appeals, Chief Justice Cardozo presiding, is of far-reaching consequences. Says the decision, after adducing the proof that Barbato was simply tortured by the police:

"We are not gifted with the power to discern truth with mathematical certitude. Defendant may have exaggerated the severity of the attacks upon him. He may have imposed a story upon us which is a creation of his imagination. Who can say? We must weigh the evidence and not speculate on what may have happened. His counsel repudiated his evidence that the district attorney instructed the police officers to take him out and beat him, even before the district attorney denied it. To that extent we must treat him as a fabricator of false evidence. Yet on the weight of evidence the physical facts corroborate defendant's statement that injuries were inflicted by the police officers to procure a confession. The trial judge should have excluded the confessions.

"It has been said: 'One is driven to the conclusion that the third degree is employed as matter of course in most states and has become a recognized step in the process that begins with arrest and ends with acquittal or final affirmance.' The practice in England seems otherwise. Statements made after arrest in answer to questions by police officers, if legal evidence (as to which the law is not settled) are cautiously received. Lawless methods of law enforcement should not be countenanced by our courts even though they may seem expedient to the authorities in order to apprehend the guilty. Whether a guilty man goes free or not is a small matter compared with the maintenance of principles which shall safeguard a person accused of crime. If torture is to be accepted as a means of securing confessions, let us have no pretense about it, but repeal section 395 of the Code of Criminal procedure and accept all evidence of all confessions, however obtained, trusting to the jury to winnow the true from the false. As long as the section remains in the code the courts are bound to give as full protection to an accused as the evidence warrants."

In other words, the third degree receives a body blow from one of the leading jurists of the country, a man whom the members of the Bar universally respect. Barbato's case aside, lawlessness on the part of the police will not avail any longer in securing convictions in the New York state courts solely on confessions extorted by torture. For they will be automatically excluded from consideration by juries.

This is excellent as far as it goes. There remains, however, the question, which judges must decide, as to when a confession is a torture confession and when is it a bona fide confession. Evidently, to judge from the decision, only when the defendant bears definite marks of the torture itself can it be definitely established as a third degree confession and therefore inadmissible as evidence. Otherwise, there would seem to be no way to prove or disprove the third degree. Which presents to the police obviously merely a question of ingenuity. Rubber hose and other brutal instruments, we are assured by an authority, leave no marks. As a result of the decision, therefore, police methods will probably undergo some alteration, but not what chemists call a sea change. Unsupported by public opinion or by any alteration in our political methods of electing judges, unaccompanied by any

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revamping of the whole system, one decision does not remake a whole criminal procedure.

Yet, it is a distinctly encouraging sign of the times. Our better judges still remain the bulwark of our liberties and are entitled to the unlimited confidence and support of the people. The Outlook gives thanks for such public men as Judge Cardozo. THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ARE surprised to discover that the feeling at the White House over the prospect of Democratic control on Capitol Hill is one of elation. As we expected, the Administration's friends count on divided responsibility in the Senate and House to furnish an alibi for non-performance between now and 1932. The spokesmen of the two parties are exchanging compliments, but their offers and gestures smack more of the handshake which precedes a pugilistic encounter. Though we do not mean to cast any doubt on the sincerity of the honorable gentlemen, a casual perusal of their diplomatic documents indicates that they are simply manoeuvring for position. We imagine that these nice words will turn out to be no more than meaningless promises when the legislative battle is renewed.

In such a situation President Hoover derives what comfort he can from the realization that he has faced the worst, with the possible exception of failure to achieve a renomination two years hence. He himself, we understand, is not at all downcast. Even before the election, we hear, he was telling his friends that he had got all he wanted from Congress, and would not be greatly concerned if he faced a legislative stalemate for the next two years. Nor does he interpret the vote as a rebuke to himself or his Administration.

We do not mean to suggest that Mr. Hoover would not have preferred the election of a Congress strongly Republican. He would have, of course, not only because it would have meant a vote of confidence in him but also because it would have made his path easier. Other things also gave evidence of his concern as the hour of judgment approached. He declined, for instance, the customary offer of the three great press associations to instal branch telegraph lines in the White House. Instead of displaying the politician's interest in the fate of his fellows, he surrounded himself with a few close friends, and retired at his usual hour. It appeared that he expected an adverse expression from the people, and preferred to delay the blow until the last. His advisers, however, showed no such stoicism, and it is from them that we hear recriminations and criticism of lesser leaders in the party.

Boston Transcript

An off-year election—all off

Walter Newton, the President's political secretary, ran a regular press service of his own out of the White House on Election Night. Refusing to depend on press reports, Mr. Newton sent personal telegrams to numerous Republican candidates in an effort to learn whether they had won or lost. We could not but sympathize with the likable Walter as the answers poured into his lap. They were, we understand, brutally frank and short:—"I have been defeated." Whether the candidates were out of sorts or money, we hear that few were thoughtful enough to insert a few words of kindness or condolence for Mr. Hoover. Indeed, the bluntness and brevity of their replies indicated that, with the typical thoughtlessness of disappointed office-seekers, they were inclined to hold him responsible.

Quite aside from the prospect of a battle of blocs on Capitol Hill, we look for a growing bitterness within the G.O.P. ranks. Whereas the reaction to Walter's questionnaires revealed a feeling that President Hoover's program was responsible for his party's stunning reverse, the White House takes the view that local leaders and state organizations have nobody but themselves to blame. We happen to know that Speaker Longworth and Majority Leader Tilson think a little more leadership on the part of the President would have strengthened their individual position with the voters. Both men, we imagine, will look elsewhere than their own actions to find an explanation for a majority that dropped from 30,000 to 3,000. We know many "lame ducks" who will expect the President to find jobs for them if for no other reason than that they think he helped to take away the ones they have now.

The White House, however, has no reason for gratitude toward some of the most influential members of the party. In New York, for instance, such influential Republicans as ex-Senator Wadsworth, National Committeeman Hilles and "Sam" Koenig, New York City boss, repudiated Mr. Hoover's dry stand, and named a wet candidate for Governor on a platform calling for repeal. In Illinois Mrs. Ruth McCormick conducted the sort of campaign that was destined to failure from the first, and dragged down half a dozen members of the House with her. In Montana Albert J. Galen, though he pledged support to the President, urged repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. In West Virginia the G.O.P. named for the Senate a multi-millionaire who could not make a speech. In Oklahoma and Minnesota Senators Pine and Schall ran on their anti-Administration record, the first losing and the second just scraping through. We can hardly blame Mr. Hoover for his conclusion that the nation likes him better than his party. Nevertheless, it bodes ill for a party when the privates grumble because the general would not lead, and the general thinks the battle went wrong because his army would not follow him.

A. F. C.

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Al Capone—1950

By REBECCA WEST

THERE are, in England today, crisp dialogues between the young of the literary. A nursemaid reported to her employer the other day that her little Mary had been accompanied to school by the most famous figure celebrated by the new infantile school of poetry. After a pause in the conversation young Jehoshaphat Dobbin said, "*You* haven't got a father who writes poetry about you." To which Miss Mary replied, "Yes, and I haven't got sticky-out teeth and bandy legs, either." In the nursery bubbles up the primal font of being, which has—the continued survival of mankind proves it—an antiseptic quality. There at any rate the pink swelling of infantilism will be reduced. But does that not threaten another disease in the body politic? There is ground for fear.

The disease is, of course, prodigious. In my lifetime I have seen men assume to an unprognosticable degree the appearance and the functions of women. I avow that when I was seventeen and I was asked to a party where, I was told, there would come a large number of boys from Eton and Harrow and undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge, I anticipated (and was not disappointed) the presence of beings taller and stronger than I was, with deeper voices and larger feet and hands, with rougher, plainer clothes, with firmer intentions of battling with life and greater capacities for doing it. Now it is not so. Do I go now to a party attended by public-schoolboys and university graduates, there are as like as not to flutter about me creatures like girls, but liker butterflies, whose curls are silkier than mine ever were, whose complexions more transparent; whose voices twitter like little birds and dissolve into freshets of delicious laughter, whose hands fold like a petal into my broad palm, whose feet trip as if they walked on spring flowers; whose ties and shirts and socks sing together like the morning stars.

Keystone

Rebecca West, who has recently become Mrs. Henry Maxwell Andrews

I can imagine—it has not happened yet, but one never knows—myself becoming infatuated with one such, and telling it that it is as high as my heart, and that it would learn to love me in time, because I would look after it so well and shelter it from the rough world. I have indeed seen such couples. These young men do, in truth, make wonderful wives. They realize their place is in the home. They let the women go out and do their jobs and make no effort to interfere with them. They are the perfect old-fashioned spouses who do no backseat driving. And for their hard-working partners they provide lightness and grace at the end of the day's work.

Thus far the transmogrification of men into women had seemed startling but not incomprehensible. After a war when men had been asked, far beyond the point that was reasonable, to be rough, I can understand them claiming the right to be smooth; and in the situation graceful dependence would not be one of the attitudes omitted. I sometimes wonder also if effeminacy is not the enraged squawk of the neurotic mate at seeing the achievements of women now they can demonstrate their prowess. "If you can do that, then it isn't worth doing and I won't play and I'll take all your bricks!" But what I do find staggering is the increasing disposition of Englishmen to become mothers.

A. A. Milne, of course, started it. In his poems and in his children's books one sees the first proud unveiling of man's maternal bosom. The use of the word "maternal" is subject to reservation. I have said the modern young men who have set aside their maleness approximate more to the butterfly than to the girl. This is unfortunately true not only regarding face; it applies also to the braincase. Only the very silliest girl would, therefore, come within the terms of the comparison. Even so only the very silliest mothers could be compared to the male mothers.

There is not the sturdy good sense of Mrs. Molesworth or Mrs. Ewing, or Mrs. E. Nesbit, which sees the child as the young of the race, unfolding all its powers and thereby living as intense and important a life as the adult. There is a pretence that a child lives a life that is pretty and amusing and of no real significance whatsoever, so that his parents (theoretically burdened with their quite different adult interests) can find refreshment in treating it as a toy. This is the attitude of the silliest kind of mother: the sort of mother that plays "Ten little pigs went to market" not because the child wants her to do it at that particular phase of its development and she likes associating with it, but because she likes having in her power something that cannot do anything more sensible than play baby games and would like it to stay that way always. This was the special vice of women; one assumed they owed it to their lack of interests outside their families and it is therefore inexplicable why men should have developed it. But that they have, and perniciously. For there is no bridge between the child of the A. A. Milne books and poems and adult life. He represents the ideal self-projection of the infantilist, so fixed in childhood that nothing will dynamite it out of its shelter.

BUT it is the gusto of the movement that appalls me. This is evidently something with which we must reckon. A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of *If Winter Comes,* has recently published a book that is the death-knell of all hopes my sex might have nurtured that they could at least keep motherhood as their own preserve. It is called *The Book of Simon** and it would be remarkable if only for the frontispiece which reproduces a miniature set in a locket of diamonds and turquoise, of a child who bears a curious resemblance to Sir Walter Scott and Mae Murray. There

*To be published November 21 by Little, Brown & Co.

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is the lemon-like brow of the one, the lush blondeness and beestung lip of the younger genius. This is the son of A. S. M. Hutchinson, in a special and heavily charged sense. He makes it apparent in a passage that imports a new note into literature, that the difference between the part he and his wife played in the actual birth of this child was marked chiefly by the fact that she remained within the house and he went out into the garden. And after that brave beginning he has taken over the whole works.

Listen to this:

I have written heretofore of my son Simon with a certain lightness: and with lightness no doubt he and all of his age (nearly three) should be regarded. Who takes a wheel to break a butterfly? But this time I am going to write of him, of his mind, of the marvel and mystery of his astounding mind, with the thoughts that contemplation of that marvel and of that mystery often arouse in me; and I could say that they are not lightsome thoughts. They go too deep, or at all events they carry me too deeply, for prankishness.

Imagine at nearly three that mind of his! I imagine it, you know, as a little house, a little honeycomb, made up of pearly white cells—glistening, dewy, lustrous, semi-transparent, pearly pearly white cells: untrodden, untouched, and pure, oh pure beyond all conception of purity. Imagine by contrast with it the honeycomb house of a long-used mind, the mind of one past middle-age, and you will realize how pure and white and glistening and untouched it is. Imagine the trodden, trampled, often miry footpaths (no, thought-paths) of a long-used mind, pitted with grievances, scarred with ugliness, cumbered with useless lumber, strewn with outworn hopes, clouded with disappointments and with sorrows, rusty with neglected opportunities, creaking with dismal hopeless habits.

And then imagine the little lustrous honeycomb of cells of pearly pearly white that my son Simon's is!

Come to the surface, breathe deeply, be brave and live again:

The final thing to establish is that, whatever he is destined for, he must, at his present rate, adorn; the final thing to be told is that, in these few weeks of this astounding advancement of his, he has shown me—my son Simon—three mysteries which but for him I should have gone through life, yes, and to the other side of death, and never seen.

Three mysteries—first, singing birds released from lovely cages into lovely flight and song; next, glimpse of Heaven; next, those baby angels who, as I believe, throng in their little nightgowns on the wide steps of Heaven to greet and lead within the old and very tired folk who come to enter.

The singing birds: I have described how, in these days, my son Simon is forever, suddenly and unexpectedly, producing some new words. It is when I sit and think of him, opening that quite exquisite mouth of his, and in that quite exquisite pipe of his emitting some new sound, that I have a vision of as the opening of a lovely cage and the winging out of lovely singing birds such as my world, at least, never before has seen or heard.

The glimpse of Heaven: I have spoken of how he will sit, perfectly still, profoundly absorbed, listening to music. It

Frontispiece from "The Book of Simon" by A. S. M. Hutchinson, by courtesy of the publishers, Little Brown & Co.

is when so he sits, thus motionless, thus occupied, upon my knee, my arm about him, my eyes upon those deep-with-wonder eyes of his, only the two of us in all the world, one stained, one spotless, perfect, pure, that I am made aware within myself that I am then as near to Heaven as ever mortal of my sort may hope to be.

Those baby angels: These he gives me when I hear him awake shortly after he has been put away in his cot for the night and is supposed to be asleep. I open the door of his room and stand there saying no word, fixing him with a stern, reproving eye. He is standing upright, his tiny lovely hands upon the cot rail, his snowy nightgown just above his small and lovely toes. He knows that I am stern; he knows I am reproving him; he knows (for he has had it) that I may growl out stern and shocked reproach.

So do you know what he does?

He makes his lovely face more lovely with the loveliest smile that ever eyes and lips joined mirth to make, and he chatters, chatters, chatters endless, wordless explanations of his wakefulness, until (unable to hold out the more) I smile response and go to him and know that I am holding out my hands to hands held out to me as by those baby angels in their little nightgowns, thronging the wide steps of Heaven, to those whom they stand there to welcome.

My son Simon!

Now, I ask you, what is left for my sex to do? And there is no mere exclusion; this will give rise to positive consequences. Its extravagance will, I fear, call for a counterbalancing extravagance on the part of my own sex. I see the young mother laying down her paper and pushing back her chair as some monstrous side-slip of sentimentality and weakness is committed on the other side of the table, and saying in her deep voice, "Look here, some one's got to make a woman of that child."

I do not like that prospect; nor do I like the appalling prospect of civil disorder raised by the dedication: "To Simon from his affectionate parents, hoping that when he is old enough to read it he will not upbraid his Father for having written it." Upbraided will, indeed, hardly be the word. That far the hope may be fulfilled. But think of the effect on a child obviously possessed of remarkable powers (impossible to think of any prize that the world could withhold from a fusion of Mae Murray and Sir Walter Scott) of finding that his father had publicly declared his mind to be a little lustrous honeycomb of cells of pearly, pearly white, and had likened him to what is perhaps the most revolting object of man's imagined universe, a baby angel in its little nightgown!

Consider how the inevitable reactions of rage and shame will probably be pricked to a frenzy by the cool tongue of some Miss Mary! There will be nothing for the lad to do except embark on deed after deed of violence, rising to a climax of unimaginable crime. I have known a youth leave home and uncomfortably travel in freight cars for no other reason than that his mother would not take down off the lobby wall an enlarged photograph of himself dressed in a lambskin and carrying a lily, with "Mother's Sweetheart" written across the frame. The little lustrous pearly, pearly honeycomb and the baby angel and its nightgown ought to be good for a much more vehement outburst. In fact I can imagine that in 1950 the names Christopher Robin and Simon may not mean at all what they mean to the belletrist public of today. They may mean something not very different from what Bugs Moran and Al Capone mean today. And who will blame them!

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Hoover and Wall Street

The End of an Era of Speculation

By LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

THE dark days which came late in October, 1929, were trying times in the White House. In the immediate aftermath of the epochal stock market crash President Hoover felt for the first time the terrific impact of world consciousness in a situation in which he himself was the pivotal figure. With all the world intent upon the ticker tape—an hour or two behind—the men behind the tape could look now in only one direction for possible succor. If the President of the United States could not, or would not, "save the country" a three-years' dance was at an end, and the sad hour was come when somebody must dig deep to pay the fiddler.

Beginning on October 24, petitions flooded into the Executive Offices urging some step to stem the mad orgy of deflation. Mr. Hoover sent confidential telegrams to fifteen or twenty of his better known petitioners urging them to suggest some specific action. One by one the answers flashed back, the first within an hour. Boiled down to their essence they said, as if in a single voice: "Issue a statement through the press urging the people to buy stocks!"

Herbert

We are now far enough away from the crushing paper losses of October and November to appreciate the pathetic humor of this suggestion. Yet for all its amusing qualities it is well within the range of probability that before the financial history of the last year is written the incident may assume great stature, for President Hoover's instantaneous decision against a White House statement calculated to "bull" the plunging market, set up, for better or worse, an epochal milestone in our post-war economic history. It was an abrupt and final departure from the policy which has prevailed unbroken in the Republican Administrations since 1921. Once made, it was well understood in advance, there could be no turning back.

A moment's reflection upon the theoretical consequences of a sustaining word from the White House suggests an intriguing vision: the President says the liquidation is a "healthful adjustment of the market position;" the plunge is arrested; the tone stiffens; speculative confidence glows; the market quivers a few days, rises, bobbles, rises again; confidence is restored; the public is back in the trade—the boom is on!

Might that have happened again in October, 1929? Might a statement of a hundred words from the President in that crisis have started the country on the old road, instead of along the tortuous route through the valley?

In the light of history the question appears ridiculous. Yet history is authority also for the question; for in June, 1928, and again in October of that year, the market exhibited every symptom of the crash, only to be saved by timely statements from Secretary Mellon and President Coolidge, respectively. Following each statement the market regained all the lost ground and marched steadily onward to new heights.

For the moment it is unimportant whether the official plug would have held in October, 1929. The significant fact is that at the instant of the crisis leaders in Wall Street seriously advised that course. We are bound to credit those leaders with the sincere conviction that, at least, it might have worked again. This fact is of overshadowing importance because it illuminates the basic conflict of viewpoint which has dominated all debate on economic policy during the post-war era—the conflict between that group which regards banking and finance as a business unity in its own right, and those who classify finance as a mere service functionary to industry and commerce.

The selection of Mr. Mellon in 1921 to be Secretary of the Treasury signalized the renewed ascendancy of the financier viewpoint in national fiscal policy after eight years of industrialist domination under Woodrow Wilson. As, in the eyes of Wall Street, Mr. Mellon symbolized the financier viewpoint, so President Hoover was regarded by that community as inclined by instinct, training and experience to the opposing view that money and credit are the mere instrumentalities of production, transportation and trade.

Mr. Hoover's easy familiarity with the history and operations of the banking and credit structure gave rise, even before he took the oath of office on March 4, 1929, to his grave concern over the highly inflated stock market. A hint of this concern is found in a Boston campaign speech as early as October 15, 1928, when he observed parenthetically: "Unsettle the credit structure, and it is not Wall Street that suffers most; it is the little bank, the little factory, the little farm, the modest home." Nothing could have been farther from the financier's attitude toward the credit situation as it then existed.

NOR was Candidate Hoover alone in his misgivings over the market situation. In the office of one member of the Federal Reserve Board hung a great wall chart. One line of the double graph charted the course of general business activity since 1905. Superimposed in another color was a graph of industrial stock prices for the same period. The two lines moved along in perfect synchronization for almost twenty-two years. Then, at a line indicating the autumn of 1926, the stock-price curve swung sharply upward away from the graph of industrial productivity, never to come back during the life of that particular graph. At June, 1926, the two lines met, with industrial activity at a relative index of 105 and average stock prices at an adjusted relative index of 115. Two years later, the industrial index stood at 108 and the adjusted stock average at 158! Nowhere in the history of the world was anything like a parallel for this phenomenon to be found. In the same interval brokers' loans from New York banks had increased from 2.9 billions to 4.9 billions.

Just as the Republican National Convention was assembling in 1928 at

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Kansas City, the market broke violently. Against a high of $170.67 on June 2, the average price of seventy key industrial stocks closed on June 12 at $157.97, a decline of $12.70 in eight trading days! On June 13 a ticker bulletin from Kansas City reported:

Mr. Mellon said that a break of this kind could be expected, as activities and speculation had reached such proportions as would cause a decline in prices. He would not say, however, that prices of stocks quoted either on the New York Stock Exchange or on the Curb Market could be considered unduly high, or that stock speculation had assumed undue proportions.

The average price of our seventy key industrial stocks advanced $4 a share before the close June 13.

Despite the June recovery, however, another ranking official of the Coolidge administration deemed it wise to abandon market operations in the summer of 1928. He liquidated, placing a fund of some $3,000,000 in cash in bank against the inevitable disaster. This official's attitude was shared by others equally close to Washington. On his own account—without consultation with any one so far as is known—one man high in the councils of the Republican campaign strategists went so far in July, 1928, as to devise an elaborate plan of emergency action to be held in reserve against a stock market catastrophe during the Presidential campaign. So far advanced was this reserve plan that arrangements had been completed for a nation-wide radio hook-up to become available on an hour's notice at any time of the day or night. This arrangement is known to have prevailed through late October, though even this was not disclosed until long after the October crash a year later. Who was to speak, and what was to be said in the event such an unhappy hour came upon the Republican party must await the memoirs.

But all of the warning signals which moved fellow-Republicans to such extraordinary measures did not disturb the optimistic outlook of President Coolidge. When the market next bobbled dangerously on October 26—just a year before the big bump—the White House Spokesman took the situation in hand at the next press conference. A New York newspaper reported:

Washington, Oct. 30—President Coolidge believes that business is on a stable, prosperous basis, and that prosperity in the country will increase tax returns, thus averting the threatened deficit in the budget during the current fiscal year.

Business conditions were discussed in the Cabinet meeting today, reports made there showing, it was stated at the White House, that the situation is fundamentally sound, with no indications of developments that would cause a setback. The most impressive thing to him, it was stated, was that prosperity had continued despite the national election, which usually causes a halt in business expansion. This year the contrary has been the case, which led the President to believe the country is on a basis that cannot be easily disturbed, & etc.

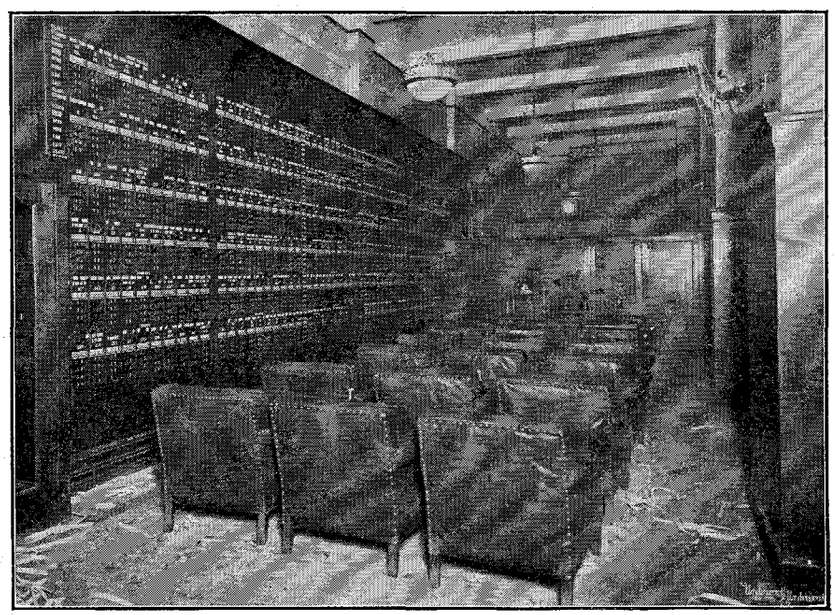
Did this talk influence the market? The record is the best evidence. The average price of our seventy key industrials at the close October 31, the day the statement appeared, was $182.93. The close November 1 was at $184.64; November 5, $185.24; November 7, $187.32; November 14, $190.62; November 20, $194.60; November 30, $197.75. Not until November 11, 1929, three weeks after the final crash, did the average closing price of these seventy stocks again dip at low as $182.93.

The close for our seventy industrials on March 2, the last market day before the Hoover inaugural, was $203.65—up $20.52 a share since that optimistic October statement. In the same interval brokers' loans, as reported by the Federal Reserve Board, had increased an even billion dollars, to $6,700,000,000 against $3,000,000,000 in October, 1926, the point at which the market broke away from all standard moorings and plunged off into the "new era" of psychology trading.

With thirty months of such glorious history behind, it was a bit startling to Wall Street to have Herbert Hoover declare in his inaugural that among "the more important further mandates of the recent election," he found the "direction of economic progress toward prosperity." How dare a man speak thus of "prosperity"? What, indeed, *is* prosperity? Interpreted in the light of Mr. Hoover's own definitions, as presented in the campaign, stock prices at the moment appeared to be an index of nothing in particular. An examination of the record revealed that without exception Candidate Hoover's economic appraisals had been in pounds, yards, board-feet, bushels, tons, horsepower and carload-miles. Not once had he pointed to the stock board.

If it was President Hoover's habit to gauge national well-being in terms of commodities instead of dollars, that could mean only one thing. It meant, in short, that henceforth the White House would look at things from the productivity viewpoint. What if a shocking dip should come and the White House Spokesman should not come to bat? Worse, what if some one in Washington should manage to close down on speculative credits?

The market community was only too well aware that the big upward swing



Underwood

Busy day in Wall Street—1930

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had been sustained for more than two years by a constantly increasing volume of brokers' loans, plus administrative plugging at intervals, which brought into the market ever widening circles of margin lambs. The dominating thought in Wall Street was that the market could go on so long as speculative credit continued to expand. So long as the Thursday totals of brokers' loans moved upward everything was rosy and pleasant.

In March, 1926, brokers' loans aggregated $3,000,000,000; in March, 1927, $3,300,000,000; March, 1928, $4,800,000,000; March, 1929, $6,800,000,000. At this point Wall Street discovered in the Mitchell incident that it was free of the Federal Reserve Board. Brokers' loans then rose to $7,000,000,000 by the end of June, 1929, and moved steadily upward at a dizzy pace until the new all-time maximum of $8,500,000,000 was attained at the end of September, three weeks after the final plunge of stock prices had begun.

Little wonder, then, in view of the disquieting thoughts which plagued Wall Street's soberer moments, that the average price of the seventy key industrial stocks closed on March 4, 1929, at $202.29, a decline of $1.36 from the last Coolidge close on March 2. The next day they went down again to $201.74, and the next day again to $199.69. After technical ups and downs for four weeks the average stood on April 15 at $199.96. The market, obviously, was tugging stubbornly at some restraining influence but could never quite get away from the various check reins that were holding it back.

WHAT was this restraining influence? First was the fact that on January 15 the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank had approved a plan to reduce stock loans in that territory "by demanding twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent reductions in borrowings for speculation." This was followed on February 7, four weeks after Mr. Hoover's return from South America, by a public warning from the Federal Reserve Board in Washington that "the extraordinary absorption of funds in speculative security loans . . . deserves particular attention lest it become a decisive factor working toward a still further firming of money rates, to the prejudice of the country's commercial interests."

Disturbing as these events were to the market leaders, they were nothing as against the unprecedented statement issued by Secretary Mellon on March 14: "For the prudent investors I would say, if making a suggestion, that now is the time to buy good bonds."

The market managed to push the seventy key industrials up to $205 by the end of April, but the close of June 3 was down again to $199.30, still $4.36 below the last Coolidge close. At this point something happened, for on June 4, just three months after Mr. Hoover's inauguration, the balloon finally got away again. Here was the beginning of the last phase of the catastrophe. From this time onward the upward plunge was more consistent, more determined than ever before over a comparable period. The new all-time high was reached on September 3, 1929, when our seventy industrials closed at $227.18. Four years earlier the close had been $111.33.

What broke in early June to lift a market which had been about convinced for three months that it would get no further expansion of speculative credit under President Hoover? The answer is found in the Mitchell incident of late March. Finding new wings on that occasion, the market tested them nervously for two months and then struck out on its own.

Despite the insistent pressure of a section of the Board beginning early in 1929, the Federal Reserve re-discount rate remained unchanged at five per cent until August 9, 1929. It was in this period that perhaps the most dramatic policy conflict in United States history between two opposing schools of economic theory smoldered continuously for months without ever bobbing up to the surface of the news. How sharp was the division of opinion within the Federal Reserve Board during this phase of the crisis is indicated by the fact that on May 21, 1929, the Advisory Council formally recommended to the Board that the rate be advanced to six per cent. Secretary Mellon, as chairman of the Board, merely made public the Council's recommendation, without comment. The increase did not come for seventy days. But by August, when the six per cent rate finally was approved, it was too late. Owing to the tremendous "bootleg" expansion since March, Wall Street had made secure its own new wings, and the Federal Reserve had lost its leverage on money rates as a consequence.

Warning that such would be the development had come on March 8 from Paul M. Warburg, himself a former vice-governor of the Reserve Board. Declaring that "within the short space of a year" the Federal Reserve System had "lost its leadership, owing to its failure promptly to reverse the engines at the critical moment," he saw the national financial structure at that moment "tossing about without its helm being under control of its pilots." The rudder had "passed into the hands of the Stock Exchange operators, who have now for many months governed the flow of money not only in the United States but in the principal parts of the world. The price of 100 key stocks on the New York Exchange had increased from $17,500,000,000 to $33,000,000,000 in two years, an accretion "quite unrelated, in the majority of cases, to the respective increases in plant, property and earning power," he said.

It escaped public notice at the moment that this statement was published four days after inauguration by the foremost financier who had supported the Hoover pre-convention candidacy from the earliest "feeler" endeavors of 1927.

The first phase of the historic struggle within the Federal Reserve Board ended in the now famous Mitchell incident of late March, 1929. On March 26, in the biggest day in market history up to that date, gains of more than three months were wiped out. After sale of 8,246,740 shares, the market closed at the levels of late December. Call money ran up to twenty per cent. When the Hoover men, opponents of more money for the market, held their ground in the Reserve Board against this most terrific pressure, President Mitchell of the National City Bank came to the rescue with $25,000,000 to sustain speculative accounts.

Of more than ordinary influence on the recovery of March 27 were Washington despatches prominently displayed in the New York papers quoting "treasury officials" as believing that "the country is in for a big industrial year, unless there is an upset by the use of undue sums for speculative purposes." This statement of Mr. Mellon's now stands as the only bullish stock market utterance from an Administration official since the beginning of Mr. Hoover's term.

Thus it came about that the market, after six weeks of bobbling uncertainty after Mr. Hoover's inauguration, finally found itself free from the bothersome Federal Reserve anchorage. The bull

(Please Turn to Page 474)

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▶▶ Salesmen of Violence ◀◀

Nobody Knows de Trubble Ah've Seen
Nobody Knows de Trubble Ah've Seen . . .

THE words came drifting into my room last night from the lane that runs down the middle of our block. A half dozen Negroes, resting on the rickety steps of the first mustard-yellow shack, were pouring out their sweet, plaintive voices in that old spiritual of lament. They were singing it, I knew, simply for the rhythm and music; but the words were so bursting with meaning that they drowned out the melody and I could only hear, over and over again, that wail: *"Nobody Knows de Trubble Ah've Seen . . . ."*

For the Negro in the South is in deep trouble now. His job, his prospects for peace and happiness and his life are in greater jeopardy than they have been since the War. Intense anti-Negro feeling has the states of the cotton belt in its grip, and every few days it strikes down a victim.

This epidemic of race violence broke out during the first warm months of this year and spread with all the rapidity and ugliness of smallpox. Between the middle of April and October, twenty-one lynchings were officially recorded, against ten for the entire twelve months of 1929. This, in spite of the fact that the law has been more vigilant in saving Negroes from mobs than ever before. In addition to lynchings, there were numerous other atrocities against the blacks. Some were casually shot down by officers; several were whipped; some saw their houses burned, and many were threatened with the loss of their jobs.

During one week in September, four Negroes were lynched in Mississippi and Georgia and the National Guard was ordered out to prevent another one.

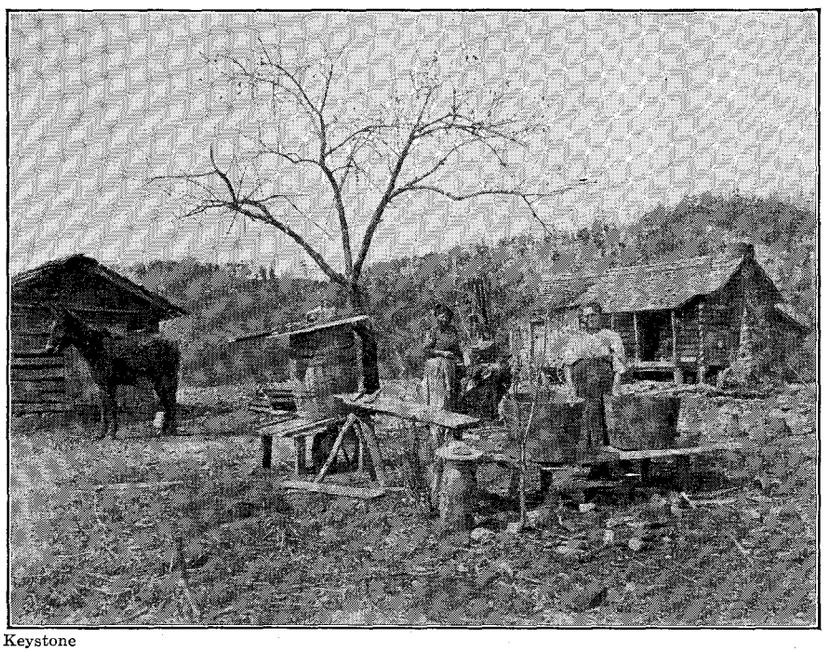
There has even been a race riot. One broke loose on the glorious Fourth at

By WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE

Emelle, Alabama, when Jacob Robertson, colored, killed a white man in an altercation over an automobile battery. Robertson was captured by police officials, but was left unguarded, according to reports. A mob riddled his body with bullets. Five other persons, two white men, two Negro men and one Negro woman, were killed in the race riot that followed.

Atlanta has been sitting on the rim of a race volcano practically the entire summer. The mayor and governor have issued statements, urging peace and sanity; the members of the Interracial Commission, which has its headquarters there, have spent days and nights in succession, pleading with the best element of whites and blacks to keep their heads.

This repulsive disease of race hatred, which the South thought it had successfully arrested, if not completely cured, has become violently active this year because conditions have been propitious for it. The economic depression has furnished plenty of weakened tissue for the disease to feed upon. It has thrown white men out of jobs, it has reduced them to greater poverty than they have known in many years and it has made them idle, morose, sullen and desperate. When the illiterate whites below the Mason and Dixon line become desperate, it is time for the blacks to beware.



Keystone

The poor whites of the South who have remained on the farms eke out the scantiest of livings

It has always been so, and the underlying reason for it can be traced back to the years "befo' de wah." As almost everybody knows, but so conveniently forgets, only thirty per cent of the white people in the South were slave owners. The masses—the seventy per cent—were bowed low by poverty, ignorance and a crushing sense of inferiority. They were looked down upon by both the slave owner and the slave. They were the "po' white trash." They lived mainly in the Piedmont section of South Carolina, in the valleys of the Blue Ridge ranges of Georgia, and on the mountain slopes of north Alabama and in Mississippi. They farmed on bare, rocky mountain sides and on hot, sandy red plains at the foot of the hills, for the slave owners held all the good land.

At the close of the war, the freed darkies became the economic competitors of this unskilled, untutored class, and race antagonism grew rapidly. Today, after all these years, the competition and antagonism still exist. In some sections it is even more pronounced than in the beginning. The descendants of these poor whites have not progressed. Little has been done for them educationally, economically, or socially. They are still an unenlightened, hook-wormed, superstitious, frustrated mass of humanity. Those who have remained on the farms have eked out the scantiest of livings. Their own ignorance, the raids of the boll-weevil, the stultifying one-crop system, the low price of cotton and the agricultural depressions have made paupers of most of them. As Walter White aptly puts it in *Rope and Faggot*, the majority of the whites in the rural South have sunk "into an economic morass which makes them the prey of Klan organizers, anti-evolution mountebanks, mob hysteria and every manner of charlatanry."

Hundreds of these "propertyless, homeless migrants" have moved from the farms into nearby industrial towns and cities where they form a large, treacherous pool of illiterate day

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laborers. In prosperous years when cotton mills are running full time and buildings are going up in every block, this pool is quickly absorbed and there is no stagnant puddle of jobless men; but in lean years when the wheels of industrial production slow up, the pool grows green with the slime of discontent. Factories and shops shut down; men are without work. They look around to see whom they can blame. If they see Negroes, the old race hatred flames into a torch of destruction.

A map drawn by a member of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation a few years ago showed clearly that most of the race trouble breaks out in those sections where this class of whites is in keenest competition with blacks. The Black Belt, where Negroes are in majority, is comparatively free of race violence. The majority of the lynchings for the thirty-year period discolored those counties of the Piedmont and hill sections of Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi where the shiftless, defeated whites grapple with the Negro in comparatively equal numbers for the same rung of the industrial ladder.

The present bloody epoch has been fed mainly by that old friction, which naturally became more aggravated with the slump in production. The summer and fall have been replete with instances of poor whites preying upon more fortunate blacks. Frequently stories of assault cloud the economic factors, but when the clouds lift they reveal the same old basic causes.

The lynching of Allen Green in Walhalla, South Carolina, on April 24, is a typical example. Allen was a smart, resourceful Negro living in a comfortable house near the town square. One Sunday morning a farmer came with his wife and sister-in-law to Allen's house to swap a mule. The white man went around the house directly to the barn and sent his wife and sister to the door to "fetch" Allen. In a few minutes the three joined the husband in the barn lot. That evening at 6 o'clock, the wife told the husband that Allen had attacked her that morning when she went in the house to get him. She said Allen had overcome her, tied her in a chair and assaulted her. The sister-in-law claimed that she had seen the attack through the window.

Allen was formally charged with assault and locked in jail. At his trial it was brought out that the woman was out of sight of her husband less than ten minutes and that she had been receiving gifts from Allen for some time—the beads she wore at the trial, the pocketbook she carried and many other presents—but Allen was found guilty and sent back to his cell. Three days later, a mob surrounded the jail, seized Allen and killed him.

In June, Dennis Hubert, a student at a Negro university in Atlanta, was killed by a band of eight men, five of whom admitted on the witness stand that they had been out of work for more than a year. Unfortunately for this group of whites, Dennis belonged to one of the most prominent and influential Negro families in the South, who had the courage and money to prosecute the case. He had five uncles and six aunts, all of whom are college graduates. Two of the uncles are presidents of land-grant colleges, one is executive secretary of the New York Urban League, one is principal of the Cuyler Street High School in Savannah, one is head of a prosperous wall papering and paint business in Atlanta and one a student of business administration in a northern university. Dennis's father is pastor of an Atlanta church.

The Huberts employed a white lawyer in the state and insisted that the members of the mob be brought to justice. Seven of them were apprehended and when the judge refused to grant them bail, a series of acts began, calculated to intimidate the Negroes and make them withdraw their charges. One evening, several white men threw gas bombs into a Negro prayer meeting where they believed money was being raised to carry on the trial. Another evening a gang rode out to Spelman College, a Negro institution, and defaced the Rockefeller Sisters' Chapel. The house of Dennis's father was burned down, and the life of another Hubert, a college professor, was threatened when a mob invaded his home.

On July 22 the trial began. Feeling by this time was so high in Atlanta that mob threats were heard on all sides. Idle, Negro-hating whites were saying that if the men were found guilty, there would be a riot that would run every Negro out of town. The mob cry of "nigger," "nigger" was echoing day and night through the dingy, dilapidated sections of the city, and the Negroes and better class of whites were terrified at the sound.

It was brought out at the trial that young Hubert was killed one Sunday

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The Black Shirt

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AMERICA —FOR— AMERICANS

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Attempt to Steal Black Shirt Charter

Reds Attack Patriotism Through Movie

THE EFFORT WILL BE ABSOLUTELY FRUITLESS—IT IS BLOCKED BY PRIORITY.

Date of Application Is Date Which Counts. The Matter to Be Decided by Judge G. H. Hoy[illegible], of Fulton.

What Does the Word "Facisti" Mean?

Thousands of people today are asking "What does the word Facisti mean?" It means "My Country." "The American Facisti" means Americans for America, America for Americans."

1. *To maintain and forever secure white supremacy* for our posterity against the amalgamation of races.
2. To prevent the encroachments of Communism in our schools, our churches, our social, agricultural, industrial and economic life.
3. To assist in the stabilization of our economic life and the employment of the idle millions of white men.
4. To uphold the Constitution of the United States, and all of our Federal, State, County and Municipal laws.
5. To staunchly support our Government and its officers.
6. To protect our homes and the chastity of American womanhood.

"The Black Shirt" is the official mouthpiece of the American Fascisti

Communists Rejoice Over the Results of The German Ballot

Berlin, Germany.—The biggest vote polled by any party in Ber[illegible] was obtained by the Com[illegible] party of Germ[illegible] the

According to the [illegible]rney [illegible] organ

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afternoon as he and a group of his friends were playing on a Negro playground on the outskirts of Atlanta. Behind this playground is a thick wood that is the rendezvous of vagrant whites. That Sunday, several hours before Hubert came to the playground, two white men and a woman came out of the woods. The woman was staggering and a young colored boy called out to the men: "That lady is drunk. You had better take her home." Three or four hours later, the two men returned with a small band of followers. One of them pointed out Dennis as the boy who had "assaulted" the woman. A moment later, young Hubert, who had no idea of what the trouble was all about, lay dead from bullet wounds.

After the trial had proceeded for five days, the jury retired on Saturday afternoon to arrive at its verdict. Realizing the danger of having the verdict returned on a half-holiday when the streets were thronged, the judge ordered the jury to return a sealed verdict. Simultaneously, the mayor issued a proclamation, urging everybody to stay off the streets and the chief of police exhorted his force to vigilance. By Monday the atmosphere had cleared and the verdict "guilty of manslaughter" and the sentences of fifteen years in the penitentiary were heard sullenly, but quietly.

With this crisis past, Atlanta sighed with relief but its light-heartedness was premature. Then the anti-Negro movement stepped from behind the skirts of assault and stood out starkly as an economic struggle. A small group of Atlanta men, some of whom had been active in the Ku Klux Klan, conceived the idea of enrolling at one dollar a head all white Americans over eighteen years of age into an organization to save the country from the Negroes and Communists. They called themselves the Black Shirt order of the American Fascisti and unfolded elaborate plans for removing Negroes from their jobs to create work for white men. For sixty days their leaders made speeches in the parks of Atlanta and on court house squares, exciting crowds against the "niggers who hold jobs that white men should hold." With impassioned phrases they told their jobless, poverty-ridden audiences that the whites' troubles would be over if they could get completely rid of the "niggers" who were usurping the white man's rightful place. In their first issue of *The Black Shirt*, official organ of the order, they set out their creed in this manner:

We hope to drive the Red and Communists out of our country. They are desecrating our flag, lowering the standards of the white race, instilling insurrection and treason in our good negroes . . . .

We believe in white supremacy and the employment of white men in preference to the negro. The negroes are sticking together and are organizing to patronize negro-owned business in preference of the white merchant. Why shouldn't we protect ourselves and our families by replacing negro help with the white unemployed?

The leaders lost no time in pushing forward to their announced goal—white workers in Negroes' jobs. A committee visited several large Atlanta firms employing blacks and requested the managers to dismiss their Negro employes and put white men in their places. Hotels were warned to get rid of their colored help and give the jobs to whites.

At the end of the first sixty days, the official organ announced that the order already had more than 19,000 members with 18,000 applications for membership, waiting approval. The movement had outgrown its first quarters and had moved into more spacious rooms, and very soon it would open up branch offices in Macon, Columbus, Savannah, Chattanooga and Knoxville. It was then that the Macon *Telegraph* first heard of the order. Though it was parading up Peachtree with 10,000 members, no Atlanta paper had carried a line about it and no word had trickled out by the news association. Immediately the *Telegraph* carried a story on its front page and a denunciation in its editorial columns, which said:

The American Fascisti is the latest of the nation savers. Arising out of economic discontent and unemployment, it is going to give the country back to the white man. How, nobody knows and apparently 21,380 persons do not care as long as they are given the privilege of paying a dollar each for a grandstand seat. It has not occurred, apparently, to any of the 21,380 that economic problems are not settled by manifestations of prejudice; that depriving Southern Negroes of jobs is a two-edged sword that also deprives them of buying power and creates more unemployment and greater necessity for tax money to take care of them at public expense.

Of all the ideas that ever come out of Atlanta—and Atlanta has been the most fertile of American cities in the production of sucker-taking notions—the American Fascisti Association and Order of Blackshirts is probably the most fantastic and puerile. The discouraging thing about it is that we have even 21,380 persons among our more than 3,000,000 who believe they can save the nation by taking jobs away from Negroes.

A few days later the Atlanta *Constitution* joined with the *Telegraph* in the fight. Then the leaders of the order fell out among themselves—one brought an injunction against the other leaders, claiming that they were changing the original purpose of the order; and then the adjutant general of the movement found himself involved in an old court case, charging him with defrauding the government of back taxes. Such winds of adversity put quite a blight upon the fast growing plant and just now it is in a very delicate condition. No one seems to know whether it will drop all of its leaves of high endeavor and rot quietly away, or whether it will send up new shoots in other fertile spots. An active branch has sprung up in Florida, but it denies being a child of the parent organization in Atlanta. The Georgia group, however, is rather quiet following a hard fought court action in which it was denied a charter.

The same yeast which fermented the Black Shirts, raised up labor disorders in at least two other states. At Mountain City, Tennessee, a contractor had Negroes on a highway job, but the "hill billies" in that section threatened him so effectively that he turned the Negroes off. In Arkansas a contractor was ordered by the idle whites to dismiss the darkies and hire them. When the contractor refused, state forces had to be called out to protect him and his laborers.

When and where will this anti-Negro drive end? Nobody knows. It is growing more serious each day for the very simple reason that the Negroes are becoming discouraged and downhearted. The outlook seems so bleak that the best class of blacks feel that there is no future in the South for them. To them, life seems hopeless.

On the other hand, the mediocre and criminally inclined Negroes feel that they must retaliate; they must strike back. Negroes have killed an unusually large number of officers of the law this summer and one Negro preacher stabbed a white man recently when he brushed against him. Also Negroes, desperate for lack of work, have engaged in considerable stealing. These crimes naturally add fuel to the fire of the white man's hatred, which, in its turn, makes life that much hotter for the black. It is a wheel within a wheel.

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The Great Enforcement Drive

By CHARLES MERZ

In spite of the conflicting claims of its friends and opponents, it was again apparent by 1926 that new methods of enforcement were required if prohibition was to succeed. In this chapter of The Dry Decade Mr. Merz deals with the government's experiments with poisonous denaturants and under cover agents.

THE stage was set in 1926 for a bolder and more powerful effort to enforce prohibition in the United States than any effort which the country had yet witnessed. Every detail of the existing situation pointed in this direction. The first searching investigation ever made by a committee of Congress had disclosed the failure of the government to control important sources of production[1]. The estimate of General Andrews that his bureau had not been able to seize one-tenth of the stills in operation or one-twentieth of the liquor run across the border had been broadcast by the daily press. The Department of Justice was insisting that without more judges the courts could not keep pace with a flood of prohibition cases[2].

The one logical alternative to a great effort to create more machinery of law enforcement in 1926 was to reduce the amount of law to be enforced. This was only a theoretical alternative. A dry majority was in complete control of Congress. It took its cue from the leaders of the prohibition movement. Enforcement might be difficult, but in the opinion of these leaders this was the last reason in the world to change the law.

"The very fact that the law is difficult to enforce," said Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler in April, 1926, "is the clearest proof of the need of its existence[3]."

With such a slogan there could be no course but forward.

THOUGH it dodged the important question of men and money, the program of enforcement placed before the country by General Andrews on behalf of the Prohibition Bureau in 1926 was the most ambitious program submitted to Congress by an official of the federal government in the first six years of prohibition.

General Andrews asked for power to search American ships beyond the twelve-mile limit, for power to confiscate vessels captured by the government and for power to negotiate new agreements with foreign countries, in an effort to reduce smuggling by sea and along the borders[4]. He proposed that Congress make it mandatory on the courts to sentence to two years in prison any person found guilty of redistilling industrial alcohol and diverting it to bootleggers[5]. He asked for authority to search private dwellings to discover illicit stills, not only on warrants charging sale, as provided in the Volstead Act, but also on suspicion of manufacture for commercial purposes[6].

It was important to make this last change, in General Andrews's opinion, because "the liquor traffic operators have taken advantage of the protection afforded private dwellings, from entry by search warrants, to use them as distilleries. They rent these dwellings and establish a family whose occupation is to distill alcohol for the bootleg trade. They instruct them never, under any circumstances, to sell any liquor on the premises[7]." In these circumstances the government was powerless to interfere. It must have more authority.

If the grant of this authority involved a risk that law-abiding homes would be invaded by raiding parties whose suspicions turned out to have been ill-founded, that risk had to be accepted.

"I cannot impress you too much," said General Andrews to a subcommittee of the Senate, "with my feeling of the necessity that Congress shall give us these laws and this assistance and an opportunity to show what can be done[8]."

ACCOMPANIED by various briefs and a sheaf of memoranda, General Andrews's program was submitted to Congress in April, 1926. This Congress, elected in 1924, had been described by Mr. Wheeler as the dryest Congress on record, "surpassing its predecessors in the majority to sustain and enforce constitutional prohibition[9]." According to Mr. Wheeler's data, there were 72 drys in the Senate against 24 wets, 319 known friends of the law in the House against 105 opponents[10]. In both cases the majority was practically three to one.

What followed was another demonstration of the lack of interest which a dry Congress could display in a dry program. Though General Andrews appeared before one committee of Congress or another on eight different occasions in the month of April to urge the adoption of his bills[11], and though his efforts to obtain action were reinforced by pleas from the Methodist Board of Temperance and other prohibition organizations[12], not one of the bills designed to give the government new power to deal with the sources of illicit liquor was adopted by the Congress to which it was submitted with a plea for urgent action.

The House gave its approval to a bill separating the Prohibition Bureau from the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and finally bringing the enforcement staff under civil service regulations[13]. It increased the appropriation of the Prohibition Bureau by $2,322,445[14]. The ambitious bills which were to give the government new authority to deal with the major sources of production perished by the wayside. First the Judiciary Committee of the Senate whittled away some of their more ambitious sections[15]; then the leaders of the House decided that since the Senate was plainly in no mood for action and since 1926 was an election year, it would be a stroke of statesmanship to let the whole affair go over[16].

Six months later, when this same Congress reassembled for its final session, General Andrews confessed in an address before the Women's Christian Temperance Union that his program for a new era in the Prohibition Bureau was "not progressing any too happily" and that he had "not encountered any undue eagerness on the part of Congress to

1. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session.
2. *Report of the Attorney General of the United States*. Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1925, p. 39.
3. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 1626.
4. *New York Times*, April 20, 1926.
5. *New York Times*, April 3, 1926.
6. *New York Times*, April 3, May 8, 1926.
7. *New York Times*, April 3, 1926.
8. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 1434.
9. *New York Times*, November 27, 1924.
10. *New York Times*, November 7, 1924.
11. House Judiciary Committee, April 12 and 19, 1926; subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, April 5, 6, 14, 15, 23 and 24, 1926.
12. *New York Times*, May 10, 1926.
13. H. R. 10729, 69th Congress, 1st Session.
14. *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 2.
15. *New York Times*, May 8 and 15, 1926.
16. *New York Times*, June 11, 1926.

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get behind law enforcement[17]." The Senate managed on this occasion to adopt the bill bringing the Prohibition Bureau under civil service regulations, but the bills that were to deal with the unflagging sources of production disappeared.

Four months after the adjournment of Congress it was discovered that not even the bill to establish civil service regulations could be effective for some time, since Congress had failed to appropriate funds for its enforcement[18].

IF THE collapse of the Andrews program took place quietly and unostentatiously—another bold hope gently laid to rest as public interest petered out—it was for one reason because certain new and challenging issues had suddenly thrust themselves into the controversy over prohibition and captured the attention of both Congress and the country.

The first of these issues had its source in an unexpected order issued from the White House in May, 1926, within a month of the time when the Andrews program was first placed in the hands of Congress. This order was signed by Mr. Coolidge. In a brief paragraph it authorized the appointment of "any state, county or municipal officer . . . at a nominal rate of compensation, as a prohibition officer of the Treasury Department," except in cases where such appointment was specifically forbidden by local statute. The purpose of giving federal authority to local officers, the President explained, was "in order that they may more efficiently function in the enforcement of the National Prohibition Act[19]."

The storm of protest which this order aroused was as sudden as the appearance of the order itself and as violent as any protest which six years of prohibition had developed. Journals as staunch in their support of the Coolidge Administration as the *New York Herald Tribune* described the order as "confusing and dangerous," running counter "to the whole trend of Mr. Coolidge's governmental philosophy, which has stressed the importance of state government and the necessity of respecting its integrity[20]." The *New York Times* could find no explanation of the order save that some one in the Prohibition Bureau had suggested it "and Mr. Coolidge, in the pressure of duties and campaigns, must have signed mechanically[21]." A careful student of governmental procedure in the United States, Senator Beveridge of Indiana, insisted that in this case the Administration had embarked upon a policy "which, if it succeeds, will radically and fundamentally change our form of government and change it at once[22]."

For two weeks, Congress, the press and presumably a large part of the public debated this new issue with interest and intensity. Hot words were exchanged in Congress. Various explanations were offered by the executive departments to clarify the issue.

Keystone

GENERAL LINCOLN C. ANDREWS

On Mr. Coolidge's behalf it was pointed out that he could scarcely have wished to attack states' rights when he had just made a speech defending them, saying, no longer ago than the previous Saturday, that "the states should not be induced by coercion or by favor to surrender the management of their own affairs[23]." On General Andrews's behalf it was explained that the executive order had been "asked for merely to meet a situation in California where some deputy sheriffs had volunteered to police rural precincts in co-operation with the federal forces[24]."

In the end, after two weeks of angry debate in Congress and the firm statement of the Official Spokesman of the White House that the President would not yield under fire but intended to stand his ground[25], the constitutionality of his action was upheld by a vote of 4 to 1 in the Judiciary Committee of the Senate and of 8 to 7 in the Judiciary Committee of the House[26].

This much having been established by the votes of two committees, and the President having carried his point with Congress, nothing more was heard about the matter. No state officials were appointed as agents of the federal government. No state officials were recommended for appointment. No change was made in the enforcement of the law. Mr. Coolidge's order was filed away as No. 4439 and the whole question was forgotten.

SCARCELY had the echo of this controversy died away, however, before a new issue appeared, capable of arousing a still more vigorous disagreement over the methods which could properly be employed by the federal government in its effort to enforce the law. This issue turned upon the propriety of the government's under-cover work and particularly its use of the agent provocateur.

It was the case of the Bridge Whist Club which brought criticism on this score to a head and precipitated another controversy in Congress, shortly after Mr. Coolidge's executive order concerning state and local officials had ceased to be a problem. Somewhat casually, in the course of a lawsuit brought to break a leasehold, it was discovered that agents of the federal government had rented premises at 14 East 44th Street in New York City, established a popular speakeasy at this address and sold liquor freely over a period of six months between November 1, 1925, and May 1, 1926[27].

These facts were corroborated by the Treasury Department, following their disclosure in New York, and defended on the ground that the Bridge Whist Club had served as an important source of information concerning the activity of liquor smugglers[28]. To the dry majority of Congress this statement of the case was satisfactory, but to the wet minority it seemed to carry warning of a dangerous precedent. Two other cases of somewhat similar activity on the part of the federal government were discovered: one involving co-operation in the management of an enterprising pool-

17. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, January 25, 1927.
18. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, July 16, 1927.
19. *New York Times*, May 22, 1926.
20. *New York Herald Tribune*, May 23, 1926.
21. *New York Times*, May 24, 1926.
22. *Associated Press dispatch*, Philadelphia, June 2, 1926.
23. Address at Williamstown, Va., May 15, 1926.
24. *New York Times*, May 25, 1926.
25. *Ibid.*
26. *New York Times*, June 8 and 11, 1926.
27. *New York Times*, December 21, 1926; January 27, 1927.
28. *Senate Document No. 198*, 69th Congress, 2nd Session.

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room bar in Norfolk, Virginia; the other, a plan to transport liquor across the Canadian border in northern New York and dispose of this liquor to bootleggers who would then be raided[29]. All three of these cases seemed, to the minority in Congress, to lead the government along a strange new path which it could not pursue with honor, to involve it in flagrant treachery and to threaten the private citizen with a system of entrapment which he would find intolerable.

For the better part of three months the debate ran on, with a succession of statements issued by the Treasury Department and a fresh dispute reaching new heights of bitterness in Congress. As in the case of Mr. Coolidge's executive order, the upshot was irresolution. The Treasury Department insisted that violations of the law were "nation-wide and almost without number;" that "no parallel of this situation exists in normal times—it is similar, rather, to a war;" and that "without the employment of under-cover methods and the willingness of government servants to become identified with the law violators in order to unearth their secrets, prohibition enforcement will be handicapped almost to the point of failure[30]."

Simultaneously, however, the Treasury agreed that its agents ought not "engage in any illegal practices or entice others to do so" and confessed that it found espionage unpleasant business. "No one likes the idea," said the Treasury. Unfortunately, "it is as essential here as it is in war in order to gain necessary intelligence[31]."

The conclusion seemed to be that the experiment with the Bridge Whist Club and the Norfolk poolroom had been efficacious but distasteful.

THERE was one other question of a new and highly controversial character which thrust itself into the foreground of public interest at this time, during the year which elapsed between the appearance and the disappearance of General Andrews's program of emergency legislation. The Christmas holidays of 1926 had been marked by an unusually large number of deaths from alcoholism or alcoholic poisoning and "poison alcohol" leapt suddenly and sensationally into the headlines of the daily papers.

To many critics of the Volstead Act it seemed, in fact, that the time had come to charge the federal government with direct responsibility for these deaths and to accuse it of the callous and brutal murder of its own citizens. The government knew that large quantities of industrial alcohol were being diverted into the hands of bootleggers and yet continued to order the use of poisonous denaturants: in fact, precisely at this time had ordered that the quantity of wood alcohol used in one of its commonest formulas be doubled[32]. By what logic, asked the opponents of prohibition, could such action be defended. Senator Edge denounced the government's policy as "fiendish[33]." Representative Cellar compared it with the methods of Lucrezia Borgia[34]. The New York state legislature adopted a resolution demanding that Congress prohibit by law the use of poisonous denaturants[35].

To such criticism as this the government had certain ready answers.

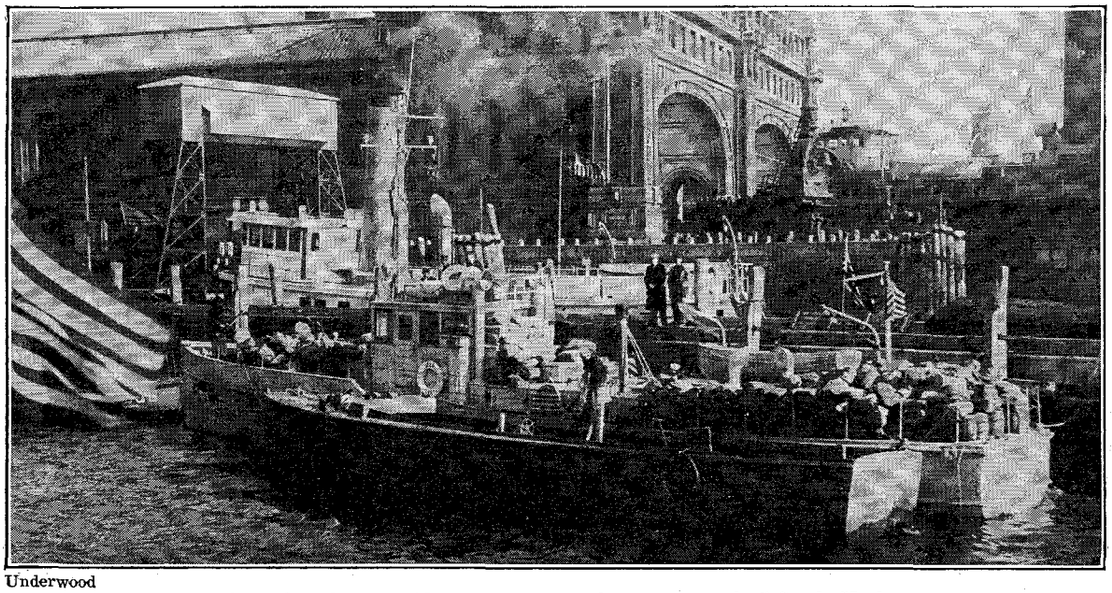
In the first place, it suggested that deaths attributed to wood alcohol could more properly be attributed in many instances merely to heavy drinking. In support of this theory it cited a letter from the Health Commissioner of New York, concerning casualties in that city, in which this official stated: "We do not know how many of these deaths were due to alcoholic poisoning and how many were the result of chronic indulgence in alcohol[36]."

In the second place, the government insisted that its policy of using denaturants of a deadly character was not dictated by a desire to enforce the Volstead Act more vigorously, but by a policy dating back to 1906, when Congress had adopted a law designed to aid American industry by making denatured alcohol tax-free for industrial purposes. Congress had required that "wood alcohol or other suitable ingredient" be added to this alcohol, in order to keep it from competing with beverage alcohol on which a tax was placed.

In the third place, granting that people had not been in the habit of drinking industrial alcohol before prohibition and that this phase of the matter had become a problem only after 1920, the fact remained that the Volstead Act also required the use of denaturants and that no satisfactory substitute for wood alcohol had been discovered. As the chief chemist of the Prohibition Bureau pointed out: "Being closely related chemically to ethyl alcohol, having a boiling point only slightly below that of ethyl alcohol and having physical properties closely resembling ethyl alcohol, it is a substance that cannot easily be removed[37]."

(Turn to Page 476)

29. *Ibid.*
30. *Ibid.*
31. *Ibid.*
32. Treasury Department order 3929, approved October 8, 1926.
33 *New York Times*, January 3, 1927.
34. *New York Times*, January 4, 1927.
35. *New York Times*, March 3, 1927.
36. *Senate Document No. 195*, p. 137, 69th Congress, 2nd Session.
37. *Ibid.*, p. 135.



Underwood

Coast Guard cutter with a rum runner and cargo captured off Sandy Hook

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▶▶ Public Budgets and Private Business ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

IT SEEMS that fashions change in financial ideas as well as in more material things. Within the past twelve months, for example, a pronounced change has occurred in the views of business men with regard to the expenditures of state and local governments. A few years ago there was a general tendency to deplore the expanding outlays of these bodies as a great menace to our national prosperity, and much ado was made over the contrast between the increasing cost of local government and the decreasing cost of the central government.

This tendency was well illustrated four years ago in the State of New York, when a vigorous campaign was waged against certain bond issues proposed for the modernization of the state's eleemosynary and correctional institutions. It was argued that this departure from a pay-as-you-go policy would lead the state straight into bankruptcy. In the election in November, 1930, however, a similar bond issue of $50,000,000 was submitted to the voters, and its adoption was urged by many of those who had fought the earlier issues. Indeed, in this state there has been criticism from some of the former opponents of borrowing that the proceeds of recent bond issues have not been expended fast enough.

Other states at the recent election also passed upon huge bond issues. In four of them the voters were asked to approve new loans reaching a total of $318,000,000, and from the former critics of this policy there came not one word of apprehension or protest.

There is a reason for this reversal of sentiment. Until late in 1929 general business was prosperous, and money rates and the cost of labor were high. It then seemed that the more money that states, counties and municipalities borrowed the higher the rate of interest would be on business loans, and that the more workers that these agencies employed with their borrowed funds, the greater would be the cost of labor for industry.

Now, after more than a year of retarded business activity, these considerations are no longer applicable. There is a vast number of unemployed, and an even larger number who, though still at work, have suffered a substantial curtailment of their purchasing power through part-time. Meantime, with the moral support of the President of the United States and of the country's captains of industry marshaled behind it, a nation-wide drive is under way for the expansion of public construction to offset the effects of the general slackening of private industry. The launching of new public works calls for the expenditure of public money. And so these new government expenditures have ceased to be regarded as a threat to national well-being. They are now welcomed as a means of alleviating unemployment and of setting in motion the forces which will eventually bring a full restoration of the country's purchasing power.

And so, for better or worse, the country now faces the prospect of still greater increases in public expenditures. There need be no alarm over the mere fact that expenditures are increasing. The fears on this score so frequently expressed in the recent past were in most cases not well-founded. The contrast in the trend of the outlays by the national and the local governments did not mean that the national government was becoming more economical and efficient while the states and their local subdivisions were growing more and more reckless and extravagant.

The Federal Government in these years was dismantling its war-time establishments and reducing its disbursements to a peace-time basis. Much of the curtailment on its part came almost automatically. Nevertheless, its budget for 1931 is approximately six times as great as its expenditures were in 1913. Furthermore, the post-war paring came to an end in 1927, and since then the size of its budget has increased 17 per cent. The picture of surpassing Federal economies which was held before the country was a bit overdrawn.

ACCORDING to a computation made by the National Industrial Conference Board, the combined gross expenditures of Federal, state and local governments rose from $30.24 per capita in 1913 to $102.67 in 1927, an increase of 236 per cent. The increase for the Federal Government alone was 392 per cent, compared with 252 per cent for the state governments and 182 per cent for the local governments. The Federal increase is largely a legacy of the War, and is therefore not a productive outlay in the sense that the increased state and municipal disbursements are.

Before the automobile became so popular the state governments spent little in comparison with municipalities and the national government. Their average outlay per capita as late as 1913 was slightly less than four dollars. Within the past decade, however, they have embarked on extensive programs of road-building and have also greatly increased their appropriations for education and the support of public institutions.

For municipalities the relative increase has not been so great, but they were already heavy spenders before the recent expansion in government activities began, and the absolute increase from nineteen dollars per capita in 1913 to fifty-four dollars in 1927 is nearly as much as the combined per capita increase for the state and Federal governments. About 70 per cent of the cost of local government is incurred for three purposes—education, protection (police, courts and fire departments), and public health. The increase since the War has been due largely to the bigger budgets for schools.

This analysis of what the various divisions of the government have been doing with their money is necessarily sketchy, but it should suffice to show that the more tolerant attitude recently taken by business men toward the outlays by local governments is in some measure justified. The test of such expenditures is not merely their amount but also what the taxpayers are receiving in return for their money—whether they are getting a dollar's worth of service for a dollar's worth of taxes. Undoubtedly there has been a great deal of waste in such expenditures, in spite of the improved budgetary methods which are being adopted to promote economy. The new budget for New York City provides for disbursements of $620,000,000 and requires an increase of taxes at a time when a reduction would be a welcome stimulus to the revival of business.

The need for economy and for a more equitable distribution of the burdens of taxation is quite a different thing, however, from the curtailment of necessary government functions. The one will be good for business, and the other most assuredly will not.

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Football Feuds

By GEORGE TREVOR

UNDER the guise of charity, politicians, press and that section of the public which craves football but owes allegiance to no college, are bringing pressure to bear upon certain universities to patch up their gridiron squabbles, resume interrupted relations, and schedule post season games for the benefit of the unemployed.

While a few isolated colleges have volunteered to play exhibition contests and turn the proceeds over to the unemployment fund, none of the participants have shown any inclination to kiss and make up. Not even the urge of charity will induce them to bury the hatchet—and perhaps it is just as well. Football is too rough a game at best to be played in bad blood. These controversies may sound silly, even childish, to outsiders, but the principals cherish a deep seated grudge that might lead to unfortunate incidents if they were coerced into meeting on the cross-barred field.

No one will deny that the relief of unemployment is an urgent and worthy cause, yet I question whether immature college boys should be dragooned into battering one another on frost-bitten, ice bound gridirons to alleviate an economic problem that should be solved by governmental agencies.

After all, despite the naïve viewpoint of sports reporters, colleges are not in the business of purveying public entertainment. I cannot agree with those of my colleagues who insist that collegiate football owes a debt to the public. The vast majority of university elevens are not conducting "amusement enterprises." Their athletic programs are supported by graduates, and far from trying to stimulate a public sale of tickets, they are sore pressed to find enough seats for their own constituents.

Collegiate football is not a hippodrome to be exploited as a panacea for public ills. If university athletic associations are actuated by a genuine desire to do their bit they might club together and donate half of the gate receipts accruing from the regularly scheduled November climax games to the unemployment fund.

Unquestionably a renewal of such ancient and bitter rivalries as Army-Navy and Harvard-Princeton would carry a sulphurous appeal for football enthusiasts, but until the wrangling parties, of their own volition, mutually agree to forget their grievances, it would be folly to force them together at the point of a bayonet no matter how beneficent the cause.

It is dangerous to be dogmatic, but I shall be surprised if Harvard and Princeton ever resume football relations. That rupture has its roots in the basic motive underlying Harvard's athletic creed. At Cambridge, where the Beacon Street clique is in the saddle, athletic heads are committed to the "single rival policy." That single rival is Yale.

Harvard is working toward the day when intramural sports will replace inter-collegiate contests, the annual Yale game remaining the only outside contact. Without meaning to be snobbish, Harvard has never fully subscribed to the so-called "Big Three." Harvard envisions a "big two"—or, to put it less brutally, a dual rivalry with Yale founded on the Oxford-Cambridge pattern.

QUITE naturally Princeton resented this discrimination in Yale's favor. Nassau authorities interpreted the now defunct Big Three agreement as insuring parity for all three signers of the protocol. They insisted that Harvard treat Yale and Princeton alike, but the Cantabs demurred, bluntly informing Princeton that the Tigers would be rotated on the crimson schedule instead of being given a yearly date.

This piqued Princeton pride and neatly caused the cleavage. Such incidents as the *Lampoon's* boorish attacks upon Coach Roper and the allegations of dirty tactics on the field merely touched off the smouldering powder. Perhaps you recall the *Lampoon's* sardonic cartoon entitled "The Big Two and a Half" and the vitriolic caricature of Roper headed, "Don't bring that cat around here, Bill."

After all, these sophomoric flareups are soon forgotten, and time can heal the rancor arising from rough play, but unless Harvard reverses its fundamental football policy—it will be better for all concerned if Johnnies and Princetonians never meet again. So far as can be ascertained, undergraduate sentiment at Cambridge supports the official Harvard attitude.

THE Army-Navy controversy doesn't hinge on any such deep-seated difference in athletic policy. West Point and Annapolis agree that they are natural rivals and that the schedule of each is incomplete without the climax clash between the two service schools.

Annapolis stands responsible for the break by insisting that West Point follow Navy's lead in adopting the "three year rule." When Army refused, Navy declined to continue the series.

West Point was, and still is, willing to play Annapolis under the conditions which have always prevailed, but the Military Academy contends that collegiate rules designed to eliminate tramp athletes have no *raison d' être* at either service school. It is Army's conviction that the cadet uniform is itself a badge of eligibility, since admission to both academies is obtained by Congressional appointment followed by a rigorous competitive examination.

The crux of the trouble is the Annapolis age restriction, which prevents boys who have reached their twentieth birthday from entering the Naval Academy. Navy is thus debarred from getting her share of such former college football players as may elect a service career.

West Point will not abandon its platform—"an equal opportunity for every cadet." Indeed, there is no reason why any cadet in good scholastic standing should not represent West Point on the gridiron. Annapolis has the right to adopt any eligibility rules it deems proper, but until it concedes West Point the same freedom of action there will never be another Army-Navy game.

The Columbia-N. Y. U. break was prompted by incompatibility of aims and social status. Columbia is not concerned with "metropolitan championships." Its academic curriculum and entrance requirements are stiffer, as far as they appertain to football eligibles, than those of N. Y. U.

Relations were amicable as long as N. Y. U. was content with a minor rôle in the gridiron drama, but when, under the aegis of the magnetic Chick Meehan, the Violet began to attract high school stars en masse, Columbia terminated an alliance wherein she would have been outclassed.

Morningside officials have no inclination to retaliate by recruiting school boy head liners on a grand scale. By recruiting I do not mean to imply that N. Y. U. assembled its present top notch teams illegitimately. Meehan just happens to be a born missionary.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Watch the Textiles

DR. LEACOCK'S horseman who rode off rapidly in all directions was brother under the skin to many business men who are now straining their eyes in the hope of discerning the end of the depression but who don't know just which way to look. They might do worse than to focus on the textiles, which have led the way out of some of our bad depressions in the past and may (D. V.) do it again.

Economists who have made special studies of the status of the textile industry in relation to major depressions confidently believe that improvement in the textiles will mark the end of the present depression. This view is supported by two basic facts. One is that there has been greater curtailment of textile production than of general industrial output. The other is the virtually complete deflation of prices of raw materials going into fabric production. Textile fibres, including silk, wool and cotton, have been quoted within the past few weeks at the lowest levels in years.

What, then, is wrong with this picture? Rayon, the youngest and fastest-growing member of the textile family. Overproduction of rayon has led to strenuous price-cutting and ridiculous concessions in sales terms. Stabilization is sorely needed in this industry, and must come before the textiles recover completely from their long illness. Silk, wool and cotton might, of course, make a fair recovery by themselves, but with rayon in line the chances would be far better. Anyway, watch the textiles—they may serve as the spear-point of the new advance.

11,000 in the Family

IF YOU tuned in on the Heinz celebration party and didn't get a kick out of it, we fear that your case is hopeless. Here was an enterprise commemorating its sixty-first year in business by dedicating a $4,000,000 building to the social and recreational uses of its employees.

As a show, the party was interesting, —11,000 Heinz workers in Pittsburgh and at branches in Canada, England, Spain, South America and Australia; synchronized program and standard menu; solos by Cyrena Van Gordon of the Chicago Opera Company; speeches by President Hoover from Washington, President Howard Heinz and others from Pittsburgh, and James H. Warlow from London. Best of all—cheers, at a time when we were just about convinced that business had completely forgotten the technique of cheering.

There are probably at least 57 varieties of reasons why Heinz employees should be in a cheering frame of mind. To mention but a few of them, the company has never had a strike or serious labor trouble of any kind; it has retained more names on its payroll during 1930 than in any other year of its history; and its president has firmly resisted the attempts of promoters and bankers to kidnap the company for merger purposes. To the arguments of would-be consolidationists President Heinz has a perfect answer. Taking them to his new $4,000,000 social and recreational center, he mildly inquires: "And what would become of this?"

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) November 6—82.2. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) November 6—72.6.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 25—959,335 cars (increase of 28,250 over preceding week; reduction of 175,025 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended November 1 —47% of capacity (reduction of 3% under preceding week and of 30.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended November 1 —daily average gross 2,363,050 barrels (reduction of 15,150 under preceding week and of 456,400 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended November 1— 1,175,000 bushels (increase of 392,000 over preceding week; reduction of 1,214,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended November 6 (holiday week) $8,616,769,000 (increase of 2.7% over preceding week; reduction of 50% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended November 6 (holiday week) 489 (reduction of 13 under preceding week; increase of 87 over same week of 1929).

High Cost of Beauty

"THIS," volunteered Kansas City Kitty as she delivered our T-bone blue-plate, "is a tough time for us waitresses. Tips is few and small, but we have to paint up more'n ever to hold our jobs. And paint costs money."

The economic significance of that speech impressed us considerably, and at the first opportunity we checked the business being done in beauty parlors and the cosmetic departments of drug stores, and were amazed at the results. K. C. Kitty was right—paint certainly does cost money.

According to Professor Nystrom of Columbia, about $750,000,000 a year is spent by American women for the services of beauty shops and the purchase of materials for beautification. Approximately thirty per cent of the feminine population of the United States patronize the beauty shops regularly. And apparently the ladies have not reduced their beauty budgets at all because of the depression. They seem to agree with Kitty that now is the time when the save-the-surface campaign must be carried on with vigor.

As for mere men, doubtless most of them will trail along with the editorial writer on a southern daily, who wrote: "When our crops are suffering from the drought, our business is falling off by reason of the financial depression and our favorite college team gives little promise of winning the championship, the world is drab enough without having to look upon women who have made no effort to improve on nature."

An Expanded Mead

A BOOK which goes through six editions in two decades may fairly be said to have earned its place in the honor-roll of business literature. This is the case with *Corporation Finance* (Appleton $4) by Dr. Edward Sherwood Mead of the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania.

The text has two main divisions, Part I dealing with the normal activities of the corporation and Part II with expansion and reorganization. In Part I, under the heading "Materials of the Financial Plan," Dr. Mead fully describes all of the instruments which are used in raising money, with different types of stocks, notes and bonds, guarantees included in the preferred stock contract, and provisions for the repayment of bonds by the operation of sinking funds.

The discussion of reorganization in Part II has been considerably expanded. In addition to the material presented in the fifth edition, a chapter has been included on voluntary reorganization of insolvent corporations, without court action. This chapter may be frequently consulted during the next few months. But we hope not.

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The Leisure Arts

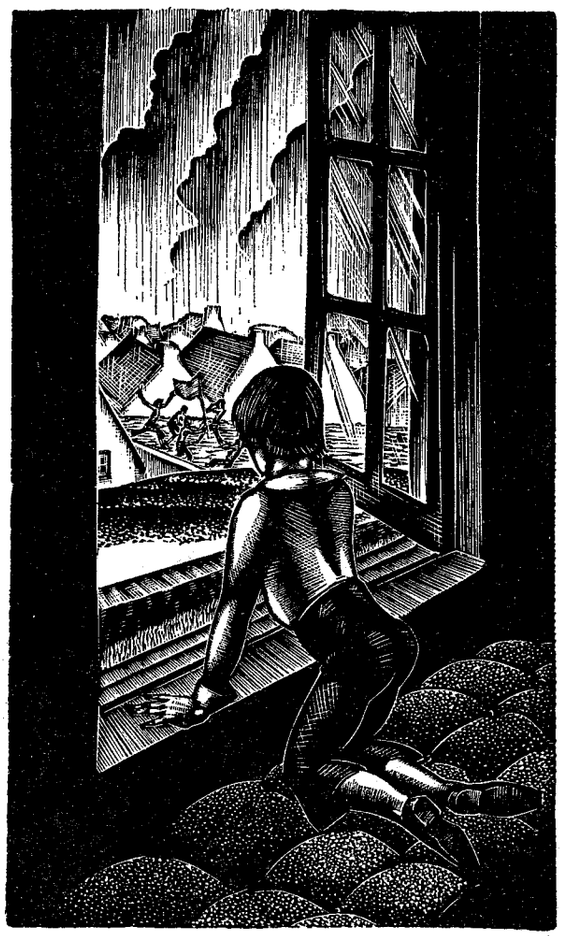
Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Voltaire—That's All

ONE of the first things that Georg Morris Cohen Brandes, the Danish Jew who denied Moses, did on coming to years of independent thinking was to get the "Morris Cohen" out of his name. One of the first things that François Marie Arouet, the French Frenchman who denied France's Pope, did on realizing that he was always an independent thinker was to get the "Marie Arouet" out of his name and be known simply as Voltaire. To any one who knows a little French and is a miserable philologist, the name "Voltaire" might sound like a pun: "the earth in revolt." Pun or no pun, Dr. Brandes, the intellectual façade of Europe, sat for nearly eighty-five years in his swivel chair in Copenhagen and cast many a glance down at France where Voltaire, the one man in the world who resembled him most completely in spirit, once lived and moved and had his troubles.

It is hard to conceive of a biographer better fitted to immortalize Voltaire than Georg Brandes. He never got round to the grand task, however, until 1915; and a year later the life was complete. Brandes's *François de Voltaire* appeared at Copenhagen in Danish, fifteen years ago. There are two volumes that total 1,187 pages. The German translation came out shortly after the close of the World War. Now we have the English edition: *Voltaire,* in two volumes, 793 pages (Albert & Charles Boni $10). I may myself be in part responsible for this delay. Dr. Brandes gave me in 1917 the rights to translate the book. But the War, the slow return to real peace, and other commitments made it impossible for me ever to complete the task. It is a real pleasure to state that the present translation by Otto Kruger and Pierce Butler, except for an occasional slip (on the part of the printer) and a few oddities in their personal style, is very good indeed.

Let it be said once for all that this is *the* life of Voltaire. The other lives or studies by Condorcet, Faguet, Lanson, Martyn P. Pollack, Espinasse, Richard Aldington and their rivals or colleagues in the field are mere buggies or bicycles or at best motorcycles in comparison with this splendid Sedan in which the parts were made by genius, assembled with patience, trimmed with an eye to the comfort that springs from tolerance, and placed on the market for the benefit of those who would lead better lives.



From "Madman's Drum," a novel in woodcuts by Lynd Ward (Cape & Smith)

Of course, a question arises: How could Brandes write so great a book in so short a period? Is it carelessly done? Not at all. He had acquired, when he undertook the work, an enviable facility. Moreover, the day he decided to write the book he sent a postal card to the National Library in Copenhagen asking them to deliver at his house everything they had on and by Voltaire. In a few days one of those red Danish post wagons stopped in front of his house and carried the needed books up the steps into his Spartanic study. The rest was a mere matter of time. The great pile of white paper at his right began to dwindle as the heap of sheets with Voltaire's life on them began to grow at his left. Moreover, Brandes had a biographic form; he wrote all of his lives in the same spirit and the same fashion. There are, incidentally, a few sentences in his *Voltaire* that occur word for word in his *Goethe.*

Then, too, there are no footnotes, no bibliography, none of what passes as scholarly apparatus. I asked him once why he did not include at least a bibliography if not notes. It was a dangerous question. He replied: "When a man has a house done, what does he do with the specifications, blue prints, and scaffolds?" The answer is obvious, but there is as much difference between a house and a book as there is between a cow and mysticism.

Brandes remarks that in Voltaire's *Henriade* there are no references to nature; "not a blade of grass." The same can be said of Brandes's *Voltaire:* He never once describes the places where Voltaire lived; but he devotes much space to descriptions of people, with especial reference to women. Brandes was nobody's "nature biographer." This also simplified his task. But he should at least have told us what edition of Voltaire he used. By some sleuth work, along the lines of spelling and punctuation, it becomes rather obvious that he took his quotations from the edition that appeared at Paris from 1877 to 1885 (Garnier Frères) in fifty-two volumes.

As to his method, one illustration must suffice. About to elaborate on Voltaire's association with Frederick the Great, he cites the important cases in which a ruler has an inside friend from the aristocracy of the mind: Caesar and

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Cicero, Karl August and Goethe, Ludwig of Bavaria and Richard Wagner. It makes good reading.

The work is a moral history of the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century. Its most splendid feature is its fairness. Brandes does not exculpate Voltaire when that would have been wrong. If Voltaire fought a misguided priest, Brandes merely says that Voltaire overlooked the fact that he was dealing with a man who constituted a bad exception. If Voltaire lied Brandes winces. If Voltaire's works are as out-of-date as a seventeenth century cannon, Brandes says so. If Voltaire injudiciously courted opposition, Brandes says it was foolish; for opposition is a common commodity. He is probably entirely right when he states that had Voltaire lived to see the French Revolution begin he would not have survived its end. And when he says that the Jesuits are less tyrannical in their teachings than the Lutherans he offers a vast deal of argument to prove what he believed is true. And when he rises, as he does once in a while, to heights of almost pure ecstasy in glorification of Voltaire, the reader himself becomes literally enchanted, reads on as though in a trance of delighted amusement, and when the spell is over he probably says what Juvenal said of Hell: *Nec pueri credunt* ("Not even boys believe that").

If the section on Voltaire in England were taken out and published separately (with a few explanatory notes) it is not unlikely that the publishers could earn, in addition to what they should, some honest money and receive the thanks of their clientele. If the citations from Voltaire's works were brought out independently they would constitute one of the world's most stimulating anthologies, and the choicest collection of Voltaire *mots* imaginable. If on the the other hand the book is read as a whole, the church people will see that bigotry is not a gainful occupation; those who sneer will be convinced that theirs is an even less fruitful activity. Those who are bothered and all wrought up about Humanism will be set right. Those who fancy that rationalism is a religion will see the trouble that notion caused Voltaire. But above all else, those who have, *ex officio,* a mechanical advantage over their fellow-men, will go down town the next morning determined to be decent.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

OF HIGH importance in the history of American invention stand the reaper and the locomotive. In *Cyrus Hall McCormick* by William T. Hutchinson (Century $5) we have the record of the invention and improvement of the reaper from the time, now all but a hundred years ago, when Cyrus McCormick, following experiments of his father Robert, made a machine which actually did cut wheat. It had been done before, even in Pliny's time; moreover, it was a long time before a stage was reached when one farmer wrote to the McCormicks that he began to think that he was actually getting a little benefit from the machine as against hand-reaping. The history of the counter-claims of other inventors, the patent suits, and the quarrels between patentees is told here at enormous length and in wearisome detail; the general reader will balk at it. While the book purports to be a biography, it has hardly any human interest. It does, however, give a glimpse here and there of the labor situation in the old time; then as now farmers were complaining bitterly—they actually had to pay $15 a month to farm hands!

Samuel Vauclain's autobiography, on the other hand, is simply bubbling over with human interest. His personality is so vividly brought out that we feel that Samuel did not need much aid from his collaborator, Mr. Earl Chapin May. *Steaming Up* (Brewer & Warren $5) is one of the few biographies that are literally as entertaining as fiction. Mr. Vauclain is still, we believe, president of the gigantic Baldwin Locomotive Works. He began as a boy with the very hardest kind of work in the railway repair shops; and, as he had brains as well as brawn, he made himself in time indispensable. The general reader will not be side-tracked by the technical part, for pains have been taken to make it simple and clear. Altogether, this is an exceedingly cheerful and optimistic narrative, with incidents often dramatic and tense. No wonder that Mr. Vauclain is an individualist, non-union, man; if workers generally had his good sense, his perseverance and his ambition, the need of collective bargaining would not be what it is. As he says himself, "Sammy was a strong-backed, good-natured, willing worker." But he was much more than that; he had qualities which have made him one of the greatest business leaders of America.

R. D. T.

"HIGHER Education Faces the Future: A Symposium" edited by Paul A. Schilpp (Liveright $3). This symposium, which "tries to face the facts concerning our higher education as frankly and honestly as each contributor. . . finds himself capable of

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A fascinating inquiry into the connection of European finance with diplomacy before the war. Mr. Feis makes an important contribution to the analysis of war guilt. It is remarkably organized and well written. "An extraordinarily illuminating piece of scholarship." *Parker T. Moon.* $5.00

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doing," and which "has no ax to grind," consists in papers, many of them previously published by leading American educators representing all shades of opinion and by three foreign observers and critics. The object of the symposium is rather to stimulate thought on the subject of higher education and to turn that thought into practical channels than it is to present any group criticism or offer any group program. The material of the book is so massive and so various that an adequate review of it would involve separate reviews of each of the twenty-one essays, something which lies outside the scope of this department. There is no "tendency," no trend in the total material which a reviewer can trace and set forth. There seems, to us, to be some indication of a growing scepticism among these educators concerning the romantic attitude toward education as represented by the Eliot or Dewey schools. But here, our wish may be father to the thought. There is a certain vagueness of expression in some of the papers which make them not too difficult to interpret according to one's own ideas. H. B. Alexander, W. C. Bagley, G. E. Vincent, Babbitt, Dewey, Meiklejohn, Hamilton Holt, A. L. Lowell are among the educators represented.

In *New Leaders Needed,* Dorothy Canfield speaks for the interested layman who finds that all is not well in the field but believes that the leadership rather than the plan is at fault. Although we write of it briefly, we found this book extremely stimulating and recommend it to the general reader. Not all the papers are easy to read. Teachers as a whole seem to write very clumsily. But a little perseverance will be rewarded with much food for thought.

"Cross Roads in Ireland" by Padraic Colum (Macmillan $3.50). The author describes this as a travel book. It is one in perhaps the same sense that *The Bible in Spain* is. Well, perhaps that is scarcely true because one would fare ill traveling under George Borrow's diverting guidance, but Mr. Colum could lead one about Ireland, telling stories all the way, and never get too far off the road. He could show you where High Kings and heroes lived and tell you their epic story. He could lead you to the homes of saints and poets and men of war and have a bit of a tale about each one that would make the way short and the scene vivid. This is an enchanting book, quietly picturesque, lovingly written, full of simple poetry. The illustrations from the work of contemporary Irish painters and etchers are a perfect complement to the book.

F. L. R.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Appointed Date,** by J. Jefferson Farjeon: Dial Press.

Novel: **The Village Book,** by Henry Williamson: Dutton.

Biography: **Voltaire,** by Georg Brandes: A. & C. Boni.

Miscellaneous: **The Letters of James Whitcomb Riley,** edited by William Lyon Phelps: Bobbs Merrill.

Books in Brief

Among the books received too late for a detailed review we find:

Five Masters by Joseph Wood Krutch (Cape and Smith $3.50) is literary criticism on a higher intellectual plane. Boccaccio, Cervantes, Richardson, Stendhal and Proust are the figures through which the critic studies progressions in the history of the novel. Some knowledge of each man's life and character are necessary to any understanding of his work, so this is biography as well as criticism. These essays will be, and should be, widely read for they are both brilliant and solid.

The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America by Vernon Louis Parrington (Harcourt, Brace $4) is the third and last volume of a series called *Main Currents in American Thought,* the first two volumes of which were awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1928. The present volume, which was published posthumously, concerns itself with the industrialization of America under the leadership of the middle class and the rise of a critical attitude toward the ideals of that class.

The most recent of the many biographies of the founder of Christian Science is called *Mary Baker Eddy* and has been written by Lyman P. Powell (Macmillan $5). Although Mr. Powell is not a Christian Scientist, it is said that he was given access to the 8,000 documents and letters that were left by Mrs. Eddy, and the publishers describe the biography with such adjectives as "sympathetic," "unofficial" and "authentic."

Three Virgins of Haworth by Georges & Emilie Romieu (translated by Roberts Tapley: Dutton $3) is a revealing book on the Brontes which deserves to stand by the Abbé Dimnet's *Bronte Sisters,* and illustrates again the penetrating qualities of French criticism. This book is not a new interpretation of the source of the Bronte genius and inspiration but a sensitive picture of the three women and their surroundings. Especially interesting are the pages devoted to the touching Charlotte Bronte's-Heger story, which was touched upon by the Abbé Dimnet but is more fully developed here.

Acres of Sky by Charles Morrow Wilson (Putnam $2) is the first novel

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of a frequent contributor to the Outlook. It is a story of the Ozarks, Mr. Wilson's country. Against a background of the hill country, so richly developed that it gives the feel of the land, several sturdy type-characters move through their daily lives. Hal, the leading character, is a lover of his land and its people who jeopardizes the first for the sake of the progress of the second. Elijah, his friend, the bee-hunter, who turns moonshiner to help save Hal's land, is a fine, moving figure. The strength of the book rests on its breadth and truthfulness as a picture of a countryside and its people. Its weakness is a matter of some over-studied descriptive writing and of the love story. This episode is like an incident in a fairy-tale gone Hollywood and strikes a false note in an idyll of earth and sky.

The Decline of Merry England is by Storm Jameson (Bobbs, Merrill $3). To prove her contention that with the rise of the industrial middle class to power in the Puritan Rebellion the ease, spaciousness and gusto of English life were lost, Storm Jameson paints an honest and hearty picture of Elizabethan England, with special emphasis on some of its great figures.

Behind the Blurbs

ALTHOUGH Maeterlinck, in *The Life of the Ant*[1], seems inclined to humanize insects and makes of their emotions and intelligence comparisons with our own which are scarcely justified, he has nevertheless written a book which is exact, and at the same time far more interesting than Julian Huxley's *Ants*[2]. Huxley's rather coldly scientific conclusions you agree with; Maeterlinck's speculations, though they may start with premises that are if not questionable, at least unproved, are much more stimulating. Either book, however, if you know nothing about ants, will introduce you competently to a fascinating subject. ☙ ☙ ☙ André Maurois is reported to be contemplating a biography of Wilson. ☙ ☙ ☙ Several good short story anthologies have recently appeared. *Great English Short Stories*[3], edited by Lewis Melville and Reginald Hargreaves, contains over 1000 pages, and has 82 stories—a very fine selection beginning with Riche, Defoe and Swift, and ending with Kaye-Smith and Aldous Huxley. ☙ ☙ ☙ In the Council Chamber of the Quenborough Town Hall, knife in neck, blood all over everything, lay *The Dying Alderman*[4]. Who stuck him with that Swedish knife? Maybe it was the porter, whose daughter he had taken to the movies. Maybe it was his wife. Maybe it was a fellow alderman, whose graft he was about to expose. Inspector Lott is called in, and after a certain amount of head and foot work, which we followed with excited interest, solved the mystery. This is a good one. ☙ ☙ ☙ There are plenty of jumps and shudders in *The Mystery of Hunting's End*[5]. Gruesome and ghastly are the goings on in the snowbound hunting lodge whither Detective Lance O'Leary and Nurse Keate, whom we have met before, have traveled at the invitation of Matil Kingery. Also invited are all the guests who were present on the night, five years earlier, when Matil's father was murdered. O'Leary's efforts to spot the murderer are complicated by further shocking developments in the shape of pistols, screams, bad lighting, murderous knitting needles, rat poison, snow, groans and other horrors. Gooseflesh connoisseurs will enjoy this one. ☙ ☙ ☙ But if a blizzard doesn't seem eerie enough for you, try *The Appointed Date*[6], which

1. Day, $2.50.
2. Cape & Smith, $1.50.
3. Viking, $5.00.
4. By Henry Wade: Brewer & Warren, $2.00.
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A New Interpretation

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By Lyman P. Powell

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concerns doings on a moor in a mist. At first, when the mist enveloped him, Dennis was worried about bogs and wild cattle. But he soon forgot them when he met a mysterious stranger, and then fell over a girl with a sprained ankle. Carrying the girl, he groped his way to a house, where he was greeted by an old gent with a revolver, who unwillingly consented to give them shelter. The old gent was suspicious of them, and well he might be, for he had every expectation of being murdered before midnight by an unknown enemy who kept creeping about the house and shoving threatening postcards under the doors. What with rustlings and knockings and escaped convicts and sorties by the garrison, you'll be kept in a pretty constant twitter by this well contrived thriller. ☙ ☙ ☙ *A Modern Galaxy*[7] contains 16 stories by Houghton Mifflin authors—among them Willa Cather, John Buchan and Anne Douglas Sedgwick. ☙ ☙ ☙ Another 1000-pager is *Great Short Stories of the World*[8], which contains stories from all countries, from Homer to Dreiser. ☙ ☙ ☙ And *Folk Tales of All Nations*[9], which has more'n a thousand pp., holds 350 stories from 60 countries—India, Tibet and the Fiji Islands as well as Europe and America. ☙ ☙ ☙ More about that three-ring circus, the Sanger family, in Margaret Kennedy's *The Fool of the Family*[10]. Here are Caryl and Sebastian, whom we have heard a little about before, and a girl, Fenella, who isn't very convincing. Caryl fell in love with her, and all would have been well if he had kept away from Sebastian. For "Caryl's family, whenever they chanced to come across him, always managed to upset his applecart." Sebastian upset it pretty thoroughly, and the story of how it was righted and put again in running order makes entertaining reading. ☙ ☙ ☙ A. P. Herbert is one of this department's favorite humorists. With the appearance of *The Water Gipsies*[11], he has become one of its favorite novelists. Here is the story of Jane, maid of all work at Mrs. Raven's in Hammersmith, who with her sister Lily and her ineffectual father, live on a barge in the river. There are three men in Jane's life: Fred, the inarticulate bargeman, Ernest, the young socialist, and Mr. Bryan, the painter of geometrical nudes. This book is not easy to classify. Much of it is a picture of the lives of the poor, but it is not the conventional picture showing a beer sodden bargee beating a half-witted wife to an accompaniment of rain, the cries of undernourished children, and the rattle of clods on pine coffins. These poor people, playing skittles and drinking their "old and mild" in the Black Swan, are cheerful and even happy, and none the less real for that. Mr. Herbert loves England and he loves particularly its waterways, and there is plenty of both. He loves simple things and makes you love them too, but he sees beneath the surface, and his ever present humor is brilliant and penetrating. There are three classes of books that are widely read: those that everybody praises and nobody enjoys, those that everybody enjoys and nobody praises, and those that everybody both praises and enjoys. *The Water Gipsies* is in this last class. ☙ ☙ ☙ Paul Morand's *New York*[12] is almost detailed enough to serve as a sort of guidebook to the city, for it describes in detail everything he saw—and he saw nearly everything. There are too very few of the odd misinterpretations and incorrect snap judgments that the foreigner is so likely to make. We can remember only one curious mis-statement—that the city is so supercharged with electricity that "people undress at night amid sparks crackling on the skin like purple vermin." *New York* has been chosen by The Book League of America as their December selection.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

7. Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.
8. Ed. by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber: McBride, $2.50.
9. Ed. by F. H. Lee: Coward-McCann, $3.00.
10. Doubleday Doran, $2.00.
11. Doubleday Doran, $2.50.
12. Holt, $2.50.

The National Association of Book Publishers has designated November 17-22 as Children's Book Week for this year. The Outlook, following its usual practice of two articles on children's books each year, will publish the second one of the current year in the issue of December 10. It will be written by Mrs. May Lamberton Becker.

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Philippa, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton Mifflin. A highly readable novel about a modern girl and her divorced parents. Reviewed November 5.

Seed, by Charles Norris: Doubleday Doran. A tract on birth control in fiction form. Reviewed September 24.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed September 10.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton, Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

Our Times: Pre-War America, by Mark Sullivan: Scribner's. To be reviewed later.

Mary Baker Eddy, by L. P. Powell: Macmillan. Brief review in this issue.

Wolsey, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. Belloc shows Wolsey as a "great example of those who do mightily yet cannot see what they are doing." This is a brilliant biography written from a Catholic point of view. Reviewed November 12.

▸▸*In This Issue*◂◂

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN is a member of the staff of the Washington *News* and is a frequent contributor to the magazines. His latest article in the Outlook was "The Curse of Plenty."

REBECCA WEST, who is well known as an author on both sides of the Atlantic, has also served on the staff of the English periodicals, *The Clarion* and *Free Woman.*

WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE is a resident of Macon, Georgia, and a free lance writer. Her latest contribution to the Outlook was "Georgia Drinks with Decorum."

▸▸*Next Week*◂◂

Hoover-Conscious Stanford, by Duncan Aikman.

President Hoover is Stanford's most distinguished alumnus. Ray Lyman Wilbur is Secretary of the Interior in President Hoover's cabinet. Dr. Wilbur is also President of Stanford. The result, Mr. Aikman maintains, is that, although President Wilbur is "boss of Stanford," President Hoover is "boss of President Wilbur."

Tiger from Texas, by Ray T. Tucker.

Representative "Jack" Garner will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives, if the Democrats organize it. His method of politics is always to attack, like the tiger.

Hindenburg Losing His Grip, by T. R. Ybarra.

The iron in the old leader is more brittle than it was, but at 83 he still has two more years of his Presidential term. More partisans get his ear than in the old days, and Hindenburg often growls: "I want to be left in peace."

The Wets Organize, by Charles Merz.

In Part IX of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz describes the growth of the opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment as indicated by the various official and unofficial referendums and the changes in the quality of its leadership.

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▸▸ Marriage—Annual or Hardy? ◂◂

Views Psychological and Otherwise

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago, Elsie Clews Parsons threw a terrific bomb into academic and polite circles. All she did was suggest, in her detached and anthropological way, that we might entertain two kinds of marriage: one, a private, reversible arrangement between two individuals; another, a permanent union for the purpose of establishing a family. The idea was received with more alarm than enthusiasm. Some years later, Judge Ben Lindsey threw his little companionate marriage bomb. He fared better, for although his views were considered naughty enough to merit an official spanking, it did not keep people from crowding into halls to hear them debated. It now appears from the steady stream of books and lectures that whether we're ready or not to do anything about it, we're in a mood to hear arguments for and against marriage.

Is marriage a hit-and-run affair or should it be for keeps? Eight writers give a brief opinion in a little volume, *Divorce* (John Day). Some think it should be permanent, H. G. Wells, for instance, and Warwick Deeping. Wells dislikes divorce. To him the idea of separating two people who have been intimately allied, and who have rejoiced and confided in one another, by a formal, public dissociation savors of the inhuman. Warwick Deeping believes that there must be an attitude of determination to carry marriage through—he calls it perseverance. It's worth taking trouble for since in a union of the spirit, involving a contact of minds, temperaments and ideals, it offers to men and women the fullest self-expression in the field of genuine and lasting comradeship.

The always paternal Bertrand Russell holds that since children are the one and only purpose of marriage, no one should be tied to a union which has failed in that respect. Rebecca West regards divorce as often necessary but classes it as an unspeakable calamity when there are children. Gloomy, as usual, Theodore Dreiser wonders why people marry, but if they do so he likes the Russian system of quick and painless separation upon demand. With children practically belonging to the state, and no private property to quarrel over, the matter of dividing the household utensils and books is easy enough. André Maurois thinks the French system serves well and advocates putting so many obstacles in the way of divorce that only the desperate will take the trouble to go through the process.

Before deciding which of the group is right, if any, or joining in the National Ballot to be torn from the yellow jacket and mailed to the publisher, we suggest reading *Marriage: Past, Present and Future,* by Ralph De Pomerai (Richard R. Smith). This is a liberal and scholarly study. Admitting that marriage is in the melting-pot, that our attitudes about sex and morality are chaotic, the author works his way from the simple, passionate love life of the orang-utan to that of the sophisticated men and women of our transitional period. Quoting freely from many authorities he shows conclusively what a tangle the whole matrimonial scheme has been, and is. One wonders if his outline of the future presents a way out or is likely merely to pile up our old difficulties. After all, when the home is abolished, when the state has taken over all the functions of parenthood except begetting, and children drop in, casually and amiably, to see their mothers and fathers in moments of leisure, when husband and wife are each other's best friend, both enlarging life by extra-marital relations, why marry? The institution, like a troublesome appendix which isn't of any use, might well be cut out entirely.

Before we give up entirely, however, C. M. Roan, M.D., F.A.C.S., suggests a somewhat new triple alliance —*Home, Church and Sex* (Ives Washburn). This is a sincere book, urging doctors, clergymen and parents to get together on the matter of a wholesome sex education. Dr. Roan paves the way by discussing with clarity and dignity the problem of sex from childhood to middle life.

Looking backward, after so much contemplation of modern marriage problems, *Sexual Life in Ancient India,* by Johann Jakob Meyer (E. P. Dutton), provides a peaceful sanctuary. From the two great epics of India, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, Professor Meyer has painted the love life of the women of ancient India with a panorama of Indian thought and civilization in regard to the relation of the sexes, as his background. It is not a popular book, but those who like to journey in far off places and times will find it worth all the concentration it takes to follow these ladies of old through every phase of love, marriage, motherhood and widowhood.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

THE Theatre Guild, after a year or so devoted to the futile presentation of such vapid pieces as *Man's Estate* and *Hotel Universe,* appears to have found that they weren't even good box-office stuff and has reverted to what its friends and admirers hope for from it. *Roar China,* the excitingly produced Soviet document, has been joined on the list of Theatre Guild offerings by *Elizabeth the Queen,* an interesting, penetrating, and finally heartbreaking historical drama by Maxwell Anderson.

Elizabeth the Queen presents Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt with an opportunity, or rather a demand, for real acting and actual characterization which both of them seize and do full justice to. Miss Fontanne in particular, the lovely, delicate creature we have known and delighted in often before, has completely submerged her own personality in the rôle of Queen Elizabeth and makes her emerge as a queen indeed—forcible, cunning, cruel, rather loud and crude in her utterances, but with her feminine moments of tenderness and weakness. Mr. Lunt, as Lord Essex, seems to me to play the part with just the right combination of charm, strength, and weakness.

After a pretty slow beginning—made necessary by our ignorance of history—*Elizabeth the Queen* builds in strength and intensity up to a final act which is nothing short of glorious. Elizabeth and Essex make it evident that they love each other, but she is Queen of England and he has led an abortive attempt to wrest the throne from her. He is to be executed for treason, but there is a final meeting in her apartment in the Tower of London. There is recrimination between the two, there is defiance, and there is a bitterly beautiful show of affection. Compromises are suggested, but he is too proud to be merely her paramour and she cannot allow him to be her consort. Inextricably entwined with the political situation is the human spectacle of an older woman in love with a younger man. Finally Essex is executed and Elizabeth is left alone—Queen of England, but faced with the bleak prospect of living her declining years with her last friend and lover dead.

The Man in Possession, by H. M. Harwood, is another Shubert importation from London. It is the best of its ilk this season and if you want to construe that as faint praise, go ahead. Unlike some of the other British pieces it is entirely free from sentimentality and it is far from devoid of wit. A lady of dubious virtue has run up too many bills and the bailiffs are in possession of her house. As a last resort she has become engaged to a dull fellow whom she supposes to be amply supplied with pelf. The ne'er-do-well brother of her fiancé appears as the bailiff's assistant and is left with instructions to be friendly and of any assistance he can be. These instructions justify his masquerading as a footman when his brother and his family come to dinner, and also seducing the lady of the house that night. Mr. Harwood, you see, has once more furbished the gentleman-butler plot. However, when the versatile young man has been given a thousand pounds by his family to leave England and he says to the lady, "And we can get married on the boat," she asks, "Married, why on earth married?" He replies, "Ah, you don't know the immigration authorities!" A refreshing note, I thought. The playing of the cast, headed by the beautiful Isabel Jeans and the handsome Leslie Banks, is competent.

What can have got into Mr. Charles Dillingham this year is a sad mystery to me. Once upon a time his name as producer of a show insured that it would be smart, cultured, urbane and distinguished. Of late he seems determined to make the phrase, "a Dilling*ham* production," a by-word. *As Good as New,* his latest, by Thompson Buchanan, is what might be described as a problem farce. Near Sutton Place is given as the locale of most of the action and the people are most awfully swell. In fact it is a penthouse and there is a son of the house who says, "Aw, chee, Dad," and a butler of unbelievable elegance who is summoned to get the hat, coat and stick of the young cad who proposes to accept the proposal of the *fille de la maison* that they go away together without benefit of clergy. This proposal has been made because the girl's illusions about matrimony have been shattered since her parents intend divorce and remarriage. She had always held up their marriage as ideal, poor thing! Yes, eventually the boy and girl agree to marry and the parents are somehow shamed into remaining together.

Recommended Current Shows

Bad Girl: Intelligent dramatization of the novel with Paul Kelly and Sylvia Sidney.
Fine and Dandy: Donald Ogden Stewart's pleasantly ridiculous vehicle for Joe Cook.
Girl Crazy: My favorite Gershwin score and Willie Howard to laugh at.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentimental English comedy nicely played.
Once in a Lifetime: Hilarious farce about Hollywood.
On the Spot: Edgar Wallace's exciting and amusing play about Chicago gangsters.
Roar China: Thrillingly staged Theatre Guild presentation of a Soviet polemic.
That's Gratitude: Cheery Midwestern comedy by and with Frank Craven.
This One Man: A courageously different drama of criminals brilliantly acted.
Twelfth Night: Jane Cowl and Leon Quartermaine in a lively Shakespearian presentation in ingenious settings.
Up Pops the Devil: Some very funny comedy imposed on a feeble story of impecunious married life in Greenwich Village.
Flying High, Strictly Dishonorable, and **The Green Pastures** are all held over from last season.

EDGAR WALLACE, about whose fecundity as an author there are almost as many jokes extant as about the Baby Austins, is said to have spent an afternoon in Chicago last year gathering material for *On the Spot.* However long or short a time he spent there, it cannot be denied that he has concocted a fascinating, if trashy, melodrama about gangsters and their women. Having the detachment of a foreigner he has also managed to maintain his sense of humor about the alleged actual rulers of our fair land. In the midst of all his regulation melodramatic action he has inserted some of the funniest, shrewdest and penetrating satire that has been heard this season.

About the plot of *On the Spot* there is very little to be said. It is bizarre, improbable, and most likely true. Many will assume that the central character, Tony Perrelli, capably played by Crane Wilbur, is patterned after Al Capone. That may well be.

Miss Anna May Wong, previously of the silent films, is ravishingly beautifully present in the flesh as Perrelli's current chief mistress. Even though she has considerable difficulty in reading her lines anywhere near skillfully, her diction is not bad enough to dispel the thrill I get just from the grace with which she walks across the stage and from the exquisite way in which she uses her hands. As if she were not enough for the susceptible males in the audience, the lavish Messrs. Shubert have given us a lovely blonde, Glenda Farrell, who is also worth going a long way to see. It is she who handles far more than capably some of Mr. Wallace's best lines. For example, when she has received the news that her protector has been murdered she sinks into a near faint while Perrelli sends for a drink for her. It arrives and is pressed to her lips. She at once sits bolt upright and says indignantly, "This isn't champagne!" I'm sorry if I've spoiled that one for you, but I assure you that Edgar Wallace has filled *On the Spot* with plenty of others.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Doorway to Hell"

ARCHIE MAYO has done the life and times of Al Capone into a smooth and at times exciting motion picture. There have been crook pictures before, but none, I believe, has attempted so complete a characterization as that in *The Doorway to Hell*. Lewis Ayres—who played the Paul of *All Quiet*—is the cockey little Italian beer king, while Charles Judels is his sinister rival. There is a good deal more to *The Doorway to Hell* than the rattle of machine guns, the cracking of revolvers and wholesale murders, however. Ricarno (Lewis Ayres) is more than a dapper Italian bootlegger. He has a naïve worship for Napoleon, to whose picture he looks up daily, and he has a kid brother whom he is supporting in a swanky military school, because, as he tells the headmaster, "war is a swell racket."

Everything goes well enough until he marries his rival's girl and attempts to live and play golf in Florida. Robert Elliott, who is certainly the best detective on the screen today, appears in a minor but excellent bit. In answer to those who fear that the exhibition of such films will inspire little boys to grow up and become gunmen, it may be said that it is more likely to inspire them to go into almost anything else. Incidentally, this is about the first real "motion" picture the Warner Brothers have made this year, what with punk operettas and photographed stage plays. *The Doorway to Hell* is a good job.

"Du Barry: Woman of Passion"

Everybody in Hollywood except Louise Fazenda and Marie Dressler having had a crack at playing Du Barry, Norma Talmadge has finally come through with her version. I regret to say that it is one of the most God-awful and hammy productions of the year. It is strictly one hundred per cent American all the way through. It's all about love, you know, Hollywood love, with talk of "making you my wife," and a "little cottage in the country," etc., from Conrad Nagel, the young officer with whom Louis XV's mistress is in love. As to the "woman of passion" part of the title, this movie is so dull, and so pure and so false, that even the youngest high school girl will realize that she has been lured into the theatre under false pretenses.

"The Life of the Party"

Winnie Lightner is one of those large ecstatic comediennes to whom "humor" means a wild, raucous shriek, a kick in the pants and a pile of broken chinaware—and yet I must confess that I like her. It must be her enthusiasm, the wild glitter that comes in her eye and the unblushing vulgarity of her slapstick humor. She never hesitates about calling a spade a spade; she calls it a steam shovel at the top of her lungs and upsets a few bits of furniture by way of emphasis. Her pal, buddy and co-worker in this film is Irene Delroy. On the gentleman's side we have Charles Butterworth, who performs pricelessly as a slightly crazy race horse owner. *The Life of the Party* is a lot of noise, the story is almost invisible, and it certainly boasts of no subtlety—and yet—it is frequently funny.

"Escape"

The week's contributions from England includes a fair enough talkie of John Galsworthy's *Escape*. Although the acting is rather bad, the lines are almost unchanged and the action occurs in a number of beautiful English villages. *Escape* is still a good play, although some American audiences may find it a little too British in tone to be satisfactory. Still, the charming scenery (all the outdoor shots seem to be real) and the good dialogue make *Escape* worth a visit.

Another British film, *The Flame of Love*, displays the strangely lovely Anna May Wong, recently of Hollywood. In spite of its title it is an intelligent and exciting melodrama of old Russia.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Still the finest war picture ever made.
Feet First: Harold Lloyd is funny but his stuff is all old.
Hell's Angels: Spectacular air picture surrounded by a sappy story.
Outward Bound: Life after death done with dignity by fine cast.
Murder: Smooth British mystery thriller—good entertainment.
Two Hearts in Waltz Time: You don't need to understand German to enjoy this rollicking operetta.
What a Widow! Gloria Swanson and a lot of new clothes.
Young Woodley: An English schoolboy falls in love with his headmaster's wife.

Disappointments

The Big Trail: A feeble successor to the Covered Wagon.
Billy the Kid: King Vidor's latest is just another "Western."
Kismet: Otis Skinner's dusty old play all over again.
War Nurse: Cheap wisecracks ruin a serious attempt.

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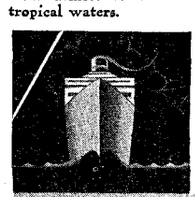

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Walter Gieseking

By PITTS SANBORN

THE reason why Walter Gieseking has been called the Franco-German pianist is not far to seek. Though he is of purely German parentage, he spent the first sixteen years of his life in France and probably plays Debussy better than anybody else who has ever lived. None the less racially Mr. Gieseking is German *pur sang* (as the French would put it). You see that as his big body crouches over the keyboard. You see it even in the bald head which is his as with so many other Teutons. And it is inescapable when you meet him away from the concert hall. Tall, of large bulk, yet by no means fleshy, Mr. Gieseking is the fair-haired man of the north, modest, engaging, and even a little shy. Somehow, without in the least dazzling you, he seems to exude sunlight. Only in his early thirties, he is an old-fashioned German through his gentleness and amiability. Behind which one detects the power of the man. Even if his shoulders stoop a trifle, he still might be an amateur athlete. Yet he is not one of the musicians who box, nor does he indulge in tennis or any other sport that might imperil a finger.

He admits that he swims some, practices light gymnastics, though hardly, he smilingly confesses, to the extent that he ought to, and takes long walks. This last whether in flat country or among the mountains is really his principal recreation and relaxation. For in the course of these walks he can exercise his two chief hobbies—photography and collecting butterflies. By the latter he comes in the most honest way imaginable, for his father, a physician by profession, was for his own pleasure an ardent entomologist. While we are on the subject of Mr. Gieseking's personal characteristics, let us add that he neither drinks nor smokes and eats no butter, though he is quick to explain that he hasn't the slightest objection to anybody else's taking his pleasure as he sees fit.

Mr. Gieseking now makes his home at Hanover, with his wife and young daughter, in the former kingdom whence his father came. But his command of the French language, if not of the piano music of Debussy, is due to his being born in Lyons and spending his childhood and a part of his youth in southern France. His fluent English is a result of his American tours of the last few years.

This colossus of the piano is far from being one of the men who have acquired an enormous technic in spite of small hands and short fingers (observe the contrary cases of Hans von Bülow and Josef Hofmann). The Gieseking hands are long as well as powerful, easily compassing a stretch of thirteen notes. Equipped as he is physically one would expect him to sweep over the piano like a Dakota blizzard. Just the contrary is the case. He can boast the tiniest, purest pianissimo since Vladimir de Pachmann, and his playing is a miracle of the most delicate tonal gradations and shadings. Endowed with so infinitely fine and responsive a digital mechanism, which must have its counterpart in a corresponding mental subtlety, he is the foreordained prophet of Debussy on the piano. Unfortunately Debussy never had the privilege of listening to his best protagonist, for he died in 1918, and it is only since the War that Mr. Gieseking has played in France. But at least the composer's widow has hailed him as the incomparable Debussyist.

Curiously enough, Mr. Gieseking's serious study of the piano came rather late. As a small boy he began the violin, but gave it up when his teachers declared he had no talent for it. Though his parents were not especially musical, his father none the less wanted him to "make music." So on their leaving France and settling at Hanover when he was sixteen, he entered the Hanover Conservatory, where he continued to study until he was twenty-one. His teacher was Karl Leimer, thanks to whose quite untraditional method, Mr. Gieseking declares, he acquired his exceeding lightness of touch. It consists in "pressing the finger on the key with as little effort as possible before playing the note." Certainly the formula seems simple, and one of the characteristics of Mr. Gieseking's procedure is the solving of technical problems so deftly that the uninformed wouldn't know they existed.

So much has been made of Mr. Gieseking as a Debussyite, of the great privilege it is to hear him do an entire book of Debussy preludes at one sitting, that it would be easy to forget his achievements with other composers, providing one had not actually observed them. I have asked Mr. Gieseking the inevitable question as to which composers he personally prefers. He answered me with one name. That name was Bach. And certainly any one who has listened to him play Bach realizes that his sympathy with the music of the All-Father is quite as profound as his attachment to the latter-day Frenchman. Pressed a little, Mr. Gieseking mentioned other musical preferences—Schubert, Schumann, Bruckner (that did my heart good!), "of course Mozart, of course Beethoven, too. Then Monsieur Debussy!" Naturally I questioned him about the ultra-moderns—Hindemith, whom he has played a great deal and so on. Here he was a little noncommittal. He still plays Hindemith, but not so often as he did a few years ago before he had become so well known. Krenek: "I can't do much with him." Schönberg: "I used to play opus 19 in public." He admits that he has never heard a performance of that work of Alban Berg's which has been hailed as the great opera of today *par excellence*. I mean *Wozzeck*. And then Mr. Gieseking said two things which are worth pondering:

"When I had finished my studies I played all of the Beethoven sonatas in six concerts. Now I perhaps know them too well, though I still enjoy playing opus 111 and opus 106, which is a whole concert in itself."

The other: "You are right, I play no Chopin. I can't find much in that music—beautiful, but I don't know . . . ." His voice trailed off and he seemed to scan the air for butterflies.

Hoover and Wall Street

(Continued from Page 456)

interest was promptly up and at it. In April Mr. Warburg put forth a quiet and informal suggestion that the Stock Exchange itself take in hand the compulsory contraction program, as approved in January by the Chicago bank. He was howled down almost before he finished his outline. The raging bull sentiment was by this time bolstered by an almost universal conviction in the Street that, since the end now was only a matter of time, self preservation required those deeply "in" to press onward and upward to the last instant. Nothing could happen now, save that the market should advance to the limit of speculative credit and then plunge. The lure of quick profits, the promise of a chance to get out before the crash, were beyond human resistance. Words of caution were futile, for the philosophy of "the new era"—an era in which the old systems of action and reaction were superseded by the power of quick-turnover and hourly price advances—was in control. There could be no stopping. Even to falter was to betray the craft.

Brokers' loans went to $8,000,000,000. The stock price curve went crashing through the skylights on September

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3, and all the pumping in Wall Street could not send it up another notch. Europe had combined against the two-year speculative drain upon her credit structure! Although the downward trend was orderly at the outset, encountering tremendous speculative resistance because of the unprecedented spread of market operations among all classes of people, the judgment day came twice in succession, on October 28 and 29, when about $16,000,000,000 was clipped from list values of the New York Stock Exchange alone. Richard Whitney, President of the Exchange, recently disclosed that the revised volume of trade on October 29 was actually over 23,000,000 shares, against 16,400,000 reported at the time.

"On the floor of the Exchange," he explained, "the extraordinary volume of orders created additional difficulties. It was impossible to place orders promptly in the hands of Exchange members, because of congestion on the floor telephone lines and in the pneumatic tube system. The wooden boxes in which orders are placed soon overflowed, and it became necessary to employ large wastepaper baskets to hold them. One episode at this point would have been humorous if the matter had not been so serious. At the close of this terrific day, a weary clerk suddenly discovered that he had forgotten one basket full of orders which he had thrust into a corner for safe keeping, and these orders were not executed that day at all."

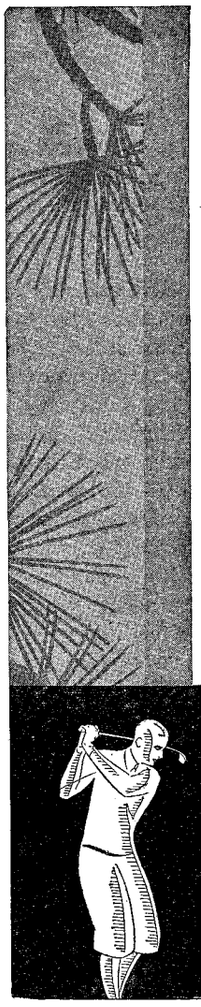
Here, among the clogged pneumatic tubes and the misplaced wastepaper baskets of Wall Street, began the world-wide business depression of 1930.

The first objective of President Hoover's immediate efforts to cope with the situation was to impress upon the country that the basic economic indices, that is, those reflecting the volume of production and trade, did not signalize depression. His first appraisal of the panic was a frank avowal that a long-overdue period of stock-market deflation was at hand, but that the stresses in all probability would be limited to fiscal adjustments within the market community. There was nothing on the economic horizon to indicate a widespread of prolonged business depression. But he frankly told the country that the absorption of money by Wall Street had so contracted commercial credits as to retard certain lines of business. Never since the first upward swings of the Coolidge Boom in November, 1924, had this suggestion come from the White House.

It was the first symptom of an international money panic which resulted in the now famous 8 A.M. White House conference November 14, at which administrative and Congressional leaders agreed upon an immediate retroactive tax reduction of 1 per cent. This was followed by announcement of the series of business conferences on expansion and planning. Of paramount importance for the moment at the White House was the consideration that the panicky tail of wailing Wall Street should not wag the whole dog of business. It was believed that the stock market liquidation would require sixty to ninety days. Confidence would be maintained during this interval by the business conferences—and then the storm would be passed.

At the base of this program were the industrial reports of the Commerce Department and Federal Reserve Board, showing that factory employment was higher in October than it had been at any time since the market broke its barometric moorings in the Fall of 1926. The adjusted index of factory payrolls was higher in October, 1929, than at any period since 1920 and was on the upgrade. Unfilled orders for steel had turned *upward* in June, 1929, and continued upward until mid-February,

(Please Turn to Page 476)



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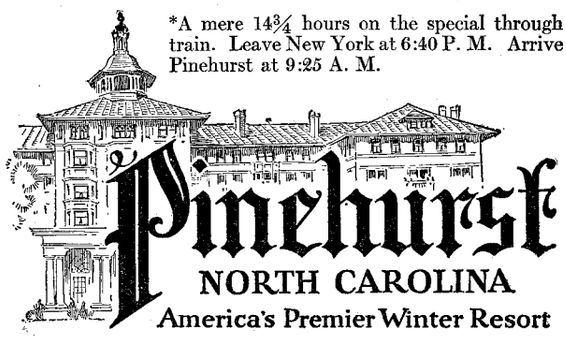

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Intruder

NOW that she was alone in the apartment, would she write him a letter? For it was when she was alone that she became adventurous, and nothing in all her young life had ever been so adventurous as her letters to him.

She put the ink bottle on the dining room table, the open box of writing paper beside it and sat down. But for a while she held the pen poised in her hand above the varnished wood.

After all, she hadn't heard from him —not for a week, she hadn't. And maybe he wasn't as crazy over getting letters in jail as he let on to be. Maybe he wasn't so wild to get out—just to pay her a visit—like he kept telling her. Any guy was wild to get out of jail, she guessed! Poor fellow—

Couldn't they of seen he wasn't the sort of a fellow to be sent to jail? Couldn't they of told it was only high spirits? The kind of bravery makes a man go to war, or plunge into an ocean to rescue something. Anyway. Where was the harm in taking an automobile and using it for a little? She guessed he didn't hurt it any and he was probably going to give it back, if he'd of had the chance. She could of persuaded him, if they'd let him alone. Anyway, she loved fellows to be adventurous. She wondered; was he really crazy about her, like he hinted?

She had a sudden picture of him calling on her. The doorbell. Herself in evening dress, blue, with a long skirt blowing all around. And he standing at the door, with that little swagger, holding his hat to his heart, bowing deep, and laughing at her—eyes laughing and admiring, "Am I intruding?"

She drew a sheet of paper from the box and took the stopper from the ink. And then the doorbell rang.

She was so shocked, she stood up suddenly and looked about her apprehensively, like a person waked from a far dream. At this hour of the afternoon! She ran quickly to the door.

Before she could stop him, a man had shoved himself abruptly inside. A second, pushed in after him. A third. "What do you want?" she said sharply.

"That's all right, miss," said the first man soothingly. "We just stopped in to ask if you had company. Sort of officially," he added genially as he carelessly pushed back the lapel of his coat.

"Oh!" she said flatly, staring at the officer's shining badge of authority.

"No harm in looking around a little?" went on the first detective pleasantly. "Then maybe we can all sit down and have a nice talk."

Her thoughts whirled violently until she was giddy; her knees felt funny and her stomach was a little sick. Why had she ever let them in? What were they looking for?

She slid into the living room and sank upon a chair, trembling, while the three men sauntered through the apartment, opening and closing doors, poking behind curtains, leaning out of windows.

If she could just sit quiet and not answer them! "Not turned up yet, hey?" remarked the first detective.

"Wonder how's his appendix," observed the second.

"Don't worry, he'll be round to tell us," said the third.

"What do you mean?" whispered the girl. "What're you talking about?"

"Well, it looks like he's been keeping you in the dark," said the first detective sympathetically. "But the way we got him figured out is, he's aiming to come calling, and why wouldn't he? On a girl that's kind enough to write him while he's languishing in jail."

"You mean," she said incredulously, "you mean he's out?"

"Right," said the detective. "And how! Got himself all sick with his appendix, a week ago—laid out on the stretcher—doctor ready to operate—and whst! The minute their backs are turned, he's gone. To see his girl, we says to ourselves. And in another stolen car. So," finished the detective, "That's what we're waiting for."

At that moment she lifted her eyes to the fire escape, where she stared, fascinated as a hypnotized bird. This was a frightful dream—this never could be true. An eager silhouette was crouching just outside the window pane, gazing at her reproachfully; shaking his head because he found her there with callers; acting as if his jealousy were eating him! Outraged and helpless, she must sit without a word to say; without an idea of how to save him!

"Such a fool!" was all that she could think of. How could he act like such a fool?

For while the three men turned and gaped, he pushed the window open gently and let himself inside.

"Sorry," he said, still with reproving eyes upon the girl, "I hope I'm not intruding?"

Hoover and Wall Street

(Continued from Page 475)

1930, despite the stock market. They were higher at the time of the crash than at any time since November, 1925. Net ton-mile operations of railroads in September were up to the 1930-29 peak. Combined industrial production for the entire third quarter of 1929 was at a rate approximately ten per cent above 1928. September department store sales in 41 selected cities were two per cent above September, 1928.

The significance of these figures is in relation to the fact that the final stock market decline began the first week in September.

Such were the considerations underlying President Hoover's statement on November 15 that, "any lack of confidence in the economic future or the basic strength of business in the United States is foolish."

The effect of the White House business conferences was almost magic as long as the gatherings commanded the headlines. When they were over, however, the business world gradually fell back to its old habit of gauging conditions almost entirely by the stock market. The effort to publicise the country out of a "state of mind" failed by a narrow margin only because in fancy, if not in fact, the stock boards of Wall Street still are the business barometers of the nation.

Soon, therefore, all of the traditional psychological factors of depression came into play, and then it was that the country actually started on the downward dip of a major depression cycle. In consequence the bear side of the market became the money side for the professional speculators. Thus ended the "new economic era" seeded in the Coolidge Boom of 1924 and flowered under the fiscal administration of the Greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. In the light of history both Wall Street and the world business community now accept March 4, 1929, as the end of that era.

The Great Enforcement Drive

(Continued from Page 462)

Finally, it was the government's theory that doubling the quantity of wood alcohol would actually protect that very substantial part of the public which persisted in drinking illegal liquor. "Under the new formula there will be less poisoning than heretofore," insisted General Andrews. "A strong trace of wood alcohol is so offensive that it will warn the most reckless drinker[38]."

38. *New York Times*, January 9, 1927.

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On this point there was some difference of opinion. Dr. James M. Doran, as chief chemist of General Andrews's bureau, agreed at this time that wood alcohol carried "distinctive odorous substances commonly designated as pyroligneous compounds that, by their characteristic odor and taste, at once disclose to the individual the patent fact that the mixture or liquid is unfit for consumption[39]." In 1923, however, when the problem of the Prohibition Bureau had not been a defense of the government against charges of using poisons but a question of helping enforce the law by alarming people into obeying it, Dr. Doran was quoted as saying: "It is impossible to detect wood alcohol except by a thorough chemical analysis performed by a skilled chemist in a well-equipped laboratory[40]."

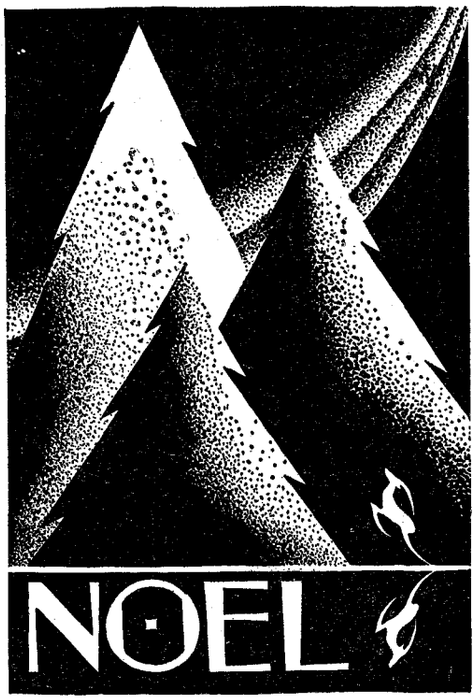
In any case, this policy was mandatory. The Volstead Act required the use of ingredients which could not be removed. Wood alcohol was the best of these ingredients. If the law was wrong, it was the business of Congress to change it. The Prohibition Bureau itself stood on the theory that drinking in a post-Volstead era was too dangerous to be risked but not dangerous enough to point an accusing finger at the government.

IF THERE was some hesitancy here, and little enthusiasm for drastic methods merely because they were drastic, it was not for lack of encouraging support on the part of the prohibition organizations. At every stage of the controversy which had run on through these years, the prohibition organizations had done their best to uphold the hand of the government and to stiffen its resolution.

The President's executive order concerning the federalization of local officials had been endorsed by the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church as sound governmental policy[41]. The Anti-Saloon League had thrown itself into the controversy over the Bridge Whist Club and demanded that Congress retain in the budget of the Prohibition Bureau an appropriation for the employment of under-cover agents[42]. Mr. Wheeler had defended the use of wood alcohol and insisted that "the government is under no obligation to furnish people with alcohol that is drinkable when the Constitution prohibits it; the person who drinks this industrial alcohol is a deliberate suicide[43]."

Nevertheless, though the government

39. *Senate Document, No. 195*, p. 135, 69th Congress, 2nd Session.
40. *New York Times*, July 26, 1923.
41. *New York Times*, June 1, 1926.
42. *New York Times*, December 20, 1926.
43. *New York Times*, December 30, 1926.



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had had this prompt and vigorous support from many of the most ardent friends of prohibition, it had shown a certain amount of diffidence and irresolution. The executive order authorizing federal status for state and municipal officers had been launched on the theory that it would substantially improve the enforcement of the law, yet no state or municipal officers had been appointed to federal positions. The Bridge Whist Club had been described by the Secretary of the Treasury as an "exceedingly fruitful" venture[44], leading to the discovery of information of great value, yet the government had decided to have no more whist clubs. Wood alcohol was defended by the chief chemist of the Prohibition Bureau as the most effective denaturant which the government could use, since it was the most difficult to remove, yet the government had used it sparingly until the end of 1926 and then merely substituted four per cent for two per cent.

There were signs here of reluctance to pursue logical theories to their ultimate conclusions. Particularly in the matter of federal appointments for state officers, the government's hesitancy raised certain questions of special interest and importance.

WHATEVER the legal and moral responsibilities of the states under the Eighteenth Amendment, and this question was to be debated with increasing vigor as time passed, it was clear by 1926 that the states had not given the federal government the effective support which the authors of the "concurrent" clause had hopefully anticipated.

It is true, of course, that an immense amount of legislation had been written on the statute books at the state capitals. Nevertheless, there was an unmistakable hiatus in many instances between such legislation and its enforcement. It was one thing to write a drastic law and another thing to provide enough enforcement agents to detect violations of this law, enough police to arrest the violators, enough courts to try prohibition cases with reasonable promptness and enough jails to hold the guilty.

A case in point may be cited from the experience of New York. In April, 1921, the legislature of that state adopted the Mullan-Gage law, closely patterned on the Volstead Act. Simultaneously, however, the legislature failed to make any special appropriation to enforce this new state code and refused, meantime, to adopt a bill which would have dispensed with the right to trial by jury[45].

The result of this action was what might have been anticipated by 1926, if not in 1921. The Mullan-Gage law had been signed by the Governor on April 5, 1921. Within ten days the Assistant District Attorney in charge of prosecutions under the law in New York City reported that ten times as many cases had already accumulated as the existing machinery of state courts could handle and declared that he had found it difficult to obtain satisfactory juries[46]. The police were making arrests at the rate of 40,000 a year. Experience had shown that it was necessary to examine 200 talesmen in order to obtain an unprejudiced jury. At this rate it would require 8,000,000 talesmen a year if every person arrested should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. There were not 8,000,000 people in the city.

From this point forward, the problem of congestion in the courts and of unsatisfactory juries increased rather than diminished. In the third week following the enactment of the law, the same Governor who had signed it announced that he "might convene an extraordinary term of the State Supreme Court and assign justices to help clear up the calendars[47]." At the same time, the District Attorney's office in New York City called for volunteers to serve without pay in helping it handle an unprecedented flood of business[48]; the Police Commissioner asked for an additional $2,000,000 to enable him to increase his force[49]; the Department of Plant and Structures announced that the police had already seized enough samples of liquor to occupy the attention of the city chemist for a year[50].

Approximately on this pattern the experiment continued for two years. What it might have accomplished if the legislature had been ready to create an army of state police and willing to abolish trials by jury, there is no way of telling. What it actually accomplished, in the existing circumstances, may be measured by noting its results in New York county: an accurate test, since the whole purpose of a state law was to enforce prohibition not in rural communities where enforcement was no problem, but in urban centers where enforcement had been lax.

Basing its figures on court records, the Committee on Criminal Courts, Laws and Procedure of the Bar Association of New York reported that a total of 6,902 cases had been presented to the Grand Jury under the Mullan-Gage law while it was in force; that 6,074 of these cases, or 88 per cent, had been dismissed; that 496 cases, or 7.2 per cent, had been settled by pleas of guilty; and that only 20 cases, or three-tenths of one per cent, had resulted in conviction and a jail sentence following a trial by jury[51].

IF THE Mullan-Gage law differed from most state legislation in the fact that its span of life was brief, it had one point in common with the average state enforcement code: it had little authority behind it by way of an appropriation from the public treasury.

It is true, of course, that the enactment of a state law opened the state courts to prohibition cases and in theory relieved the federal courts of carrying the whole burden of enforcement. There was little profit, however, in opening the state courts if they were promptly to be closed again by a glut of more cases than they could handle, precisely in those districts in which the law was disobeyed most frequently. If the states really wished to enforce prohibition where it was not obeyed, it was plainly important not only to make laws, but to create courts in which to punish violations of these laws and to supplement the casual efforts of municipal police and county law officials with state machinery of enforcement. Such efforts, of course, cost money.

How much money the states expended to enforce their own state codes in the

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of November 15, 1950

James J. Mooney, head usher at the Cosmos Talkie Theatre of Rockford, until recently heavyweight boxing champion of the world, testified in the Illinois Supreme Court this week as to his net profits during the past three years. Of his $5,000,000 takings, $2,599,450 was paid to his managers and $2,400,500 was absorbed by unavoidable expenses.

The Chief Forester of the U. S. in his latest report attributes the saving of our forests principally to the invention in 1933 of Patoff's delible ink, which enables the paper industry to make repeated use of woodpulp from which the ink disappears within 24 hours after it has been printed.

Timothy L. McCoy, who has been employed for the past 18 years in the Empire Building tower, New York, was placed this week on the pension list of the building, and for the first time since 1932 descended to the level of the first floor.

44. *Senate Document, No. 198*, p. 1, 69th Congress, 2nd Session.
45. *New York Times*, April 15, 1921.
46. *New York Times*, April 16, 1921.
47. *New York Times*, April 22, 1921.
48. *New York Times*, April 18, 1921.
49. *New York Times*, May 10, 1921.
50. *New York Times*, April 19, 1921.
51. *New York Times*, January 29, 1928.

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first three years of prohibition it is impossible to say, for the reason that it was too small a sum to be itemized separately in the financial data of the Census Bureau. In 1923, however, a total of $548,629 was spent by the states specifically for the purpose of enforcing prohibition[52]. By 1927 this sum had increased to $689,855[53].

Here, in the eighth year of prohibition, was something less than three-quarters of a million dollars for enforcement. It was contributed by eighteen states. Thirty states, twenty-eight of which had state enforcement acts, contributed nothing. Three contributed less than $1,000. Seven contributed between $1,000 and $25,000. The largest contribution was $146,577 in the case of Ohio. The grand total contributed by all of the states was a little less than one twenty-fifth of one per cent of their total expenditures for all purposes. It was approximately half of what they spent on regulating the sale of oil and gas and approximately one-eighth of what they spent on enforcing their fish and game laws.

These figures are revealing. They suggest one reason why officials of the federal government had so frequently complained, from the very start of this experiment, of a lack of effective assistance by the states; why the first Prohibition Commissioner had declared at the end of his first year in office that some of the states seemed willing to let the federal government struggle along without their help; why the Department of Justice had insisted that "except in one or two states" the state courts were not carrying their proper share of "the prohibition burden;" why President Harding had declared in 1923: "It is a singular fact that some states which successfully enforced their own prohibition statutes before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted have latterly gone backward in this regard[54]."

Three years after one President had lamented the unwillingness of the states to lend the federal government more effective support, another President issued an executive order proposing to appoint state officials as agents of the federal government.

If this proposal ended nowhere, at least it suggested the existence of a problem in co-operation which had not been solved. With one or two exceptions, the state legislatures had given the friends of prohibition enough laws, and enough drastic laws, to satisfy them to their hearts' content. At the same time they had not bothered the opponents of prohibition either with strict enforcement or high taxes.

For communities within the states, as for states within the nation, there remained a large degree of local option.

(To be continued)

52. *Financial Statistics of the States, 1923*, Bureau of the Census, pp. 90-91.
53. *Financial Statistics of the States, 1927*, Bureau of the Census, pp. 80-81.
54. Address at Denver, June 25, 1923.

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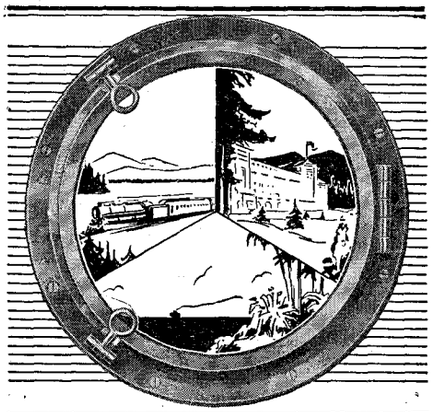

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With Our Readers

Killers of Men

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Banning, Calif.*

SIR—It is with a truly Spartan gesture that Captain Evans, replying to Archibald Rutledge's aspersions, defends military training. He stoutly maintains the honored concept that physical combat exalts the highest traits of manliness. I cannot conceive of the Archibald Rutledges ever being able to make a dent in the philosophy of the Captain Evanses.

How terribly frank a military man can be. Our colonel was giving a lecture to a class of subalterns. "No, gentlemen . . . . in this school you are about to enter you will be taught the ancient and primary business of the soldier." He paused, folded his arms, and concluded in a voice that had almost the metallic clicking of a Lewis gun, "Where you are going you will be trained to become killers of men." I am sure he relied upon a degree of manliness in our make-up that would not suffer us to back down from our war studies, however deeply he might choose to drive the iron into us.

Yet Captain Evans is not wholly the Spartan, for he closes his letter with the suggestion that the rudiments of military training will be found beneficial in preparation for the struggle of life. Recalling my colonel's words, "You will become killers of men," I can see Captain Evans standing, not at attention, but at ease as his thoughts reach out beyond the skirmish lines of that red-blooded profession which in his letter he set out to defend.

The best sort of youth training, as the man Evans reminds Captain Evans, prepares us for the struggle of life—and we may well leave the captain there, shouting commands to his thudding platoons of death.

TOM HUGHES.

Theatre Reviews

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Gainesville, Fla.*

SIR—I wish to commend one feature of your magazine which is most enjoyable, and that is the play reviews by Mr. Otis Chatfield-Taylor; they are so very readable, and seem to be written with entire sincerity. It is the part of the magazine which I turn to with the greatest pleasure, knowing that it will be well written. Even though down here in Florida we are deprived of seeing the new plays, we like to know what is going on and to read a dependable review.

MRS. J. B. HOWARD.

Driven Out of Church

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Pittsburgh*

SIR—Your cartoon and editorial insistence that Protestants are driving multitudes out of the church by supporting prohibition meets some stern historical facts which deplete your argument.

First. The most populous portion of Protestantism has always been essentially prohibitionist. The five great Protestant denominational families number about 22,000,000. Of these 15,000,000 are Methodist and Baptist. Both of these denominations have always been strong for the elimination of the liquor traffic.

The Methodists began their crusade against liquor in 1739 when the church rule against drinking and selling liquor appeared. That rule has been actively operative ever since. If the Outlook is correct and people are leaving the church because of prohibition, then Methodism should have had depleted numbers from the start. Instead she is next in size to the largest Protestant denomination. The Baptist denomination is larger and it is also notoriously dry. If the dry stand is depleting the church the Baptists could not have secured and maintained their numerical lead.

Second. If the Outlook were right, then the denominations less aggressively dry should have had the larger gain in membership during prohibition years; but this is not the case. Just the reverse is true. The percentage of gain in adult membership among the whites is, Baptist 38 per cent, Methodist 19 per cent, and Presbyterian 38 per cent. These three denominations have been leaders in prohibition. The Roman Catholic church which as a whole has been unsympathetic made a gain of but 12 per cent. This was during the years 1916-26, when national prohibition was initiated and consummated. Your wrath against the Anti-Saloon League seems to have b you to facts of history and figures of st

Third. Your summons to Protestants the Gospel of John as an antidote to p reform is equally misplaced for it is describes Jesus as the reformer cleansi temple with such passion for righteousnes the astonished disciples were reminded o impassioned prophets of Israel. If Protesta should become as tolerant of the liquor traff the Outlook is, an equally violent cleansin the modern temple would be necessary. By means let us read the Gospel of John till our spirits flame with a deeper passion to keep the liquor traffic from regaining the strangle-hold on government which it had before prohibition and which was a perfect parallel to the sinister situation against which Jesus rebelled when he cleansed the temple and called its profaners whited sepulchres.

W. WOFFORD T. DUNCAN.

[*Editors' Note*—Dr. Duncan's statistics are irrelevant. The Outlook did not claim that opposition to the evils of the liquor traffic would drive multitudes from the Protestant churches. As stated in the editorial, "Christian Citizenship Sunday," the Outlook refuses to accept the authority of fifteen self-appointed ministers to proclaim prohibition as "an ideal to which Christians stand forever committed." The Outlook believes that millions of liberal-minded Protestants will refuse to accept such a proclamation.]

Poets' Corner

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Montreal*

SIR—

Rufus the Wet,
Of the Bellamy clan,
Conceives that the highest achievement of man
Is judging instinctively rotten from good.
Hot off the copper from aged in the wood,
And learning to drink as a gentleman should.
The ladies, God bless 'em,
He'd teach to avoid
Going on parties
Imperfectly cloyed.
Convivial fellowship he would beget—
That far-sighted gentleman,
Rufus the Wet.

Rufus the Wet,
Of *The Out-and-dependent,*
Is sure that the Anti-Saloon superintendent,
And Clarence True Wilson and all of their ilk,
Sucked falsehood and treason and not mother's milk:
Foul lepers bedizened in linen and silk!
All drys are fanatics,
All wets are sincere,
A hypocrite he
Who thirsts not after beer.
Away with enforcement, it leaves him upset—
That tolerant gentleman,
Rufus the Wet.

Rufus the Wet,
In his editor's chair,
Has traced the supreme theme of themes to its lair.
No other discussion is worth printer's ink:
He passes them all with a shrug and a wink,
To concentrate solely on "How shall we drink?"
Tariff, World Series,
Mistreatment of Jews,
What matter these
When we perish for booze?
Gay rollicking roisterers he'll have us yet—
That crusading gentleman,
Rufus the Wet.

MAX W. BALL.

[*Editors' Note*—In the absence of the office poet, the problem of replying to Mr. Ball presented considerable difficulty. Diligent search of the neighborhood, however, soon discovered our errant versifier who, with only a slight spasm, delivered himself of the following:

Dear Mr. Ball:
What you say is quite true;
We don't like the people whose noses are blue;
We don't think intolerance can ever make rules
Which will force the submission of wise men or fools;
Or that beer spoils the workingman's skill with his tools.
"All the wets are sincere?"
No, that's not what we think,
Some wets will play false
Just as some drys will drink.
"All drys are fanatics?" Oh no, not at all!
For you are a dry, aren't you,
Dear Mr. Ball?

P. S. But what are *you* doing in wet Montreal?]

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